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BOSTON ELECTS A MAYOR

In choosing James M. Curley to be Mayor for at least two years, the city of Boston has not improved its political reputation. A little less than ten years ago two men by the name of Curley were convicted of impersonating two other men at a civil service examination for letter-carriers. One of them, on the day following his incarceration, was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature as a reward for this act of neighborly kindness to a man whose family needed assistance. Fortunately, the Legislature took another view of the act and declared his seat vacant. It is the other man by the name of Curley, who, after being an Alderman and later a member of Congress, has now been chosen Mayor of Boston. It is interesting to note that ten years has apparently not made much difference in the judgment of the Boston electorate with regard to such an act; for in his campaign Mr. Curley did not suffer from the fact that he had served a jail sentence for undertaking to hoodwink the United States Government, but rather profited by it.

The view thus expressed by the voters of Boston it is perfectly easy to understand. It is the primitive, tribal view, which regards government as naturally hostile, and a neighborly act all the more creditable if it is done at some risk of incurring governmental displeasure. It is not at all disturbed by the inconsistency of trusting the protection of the public service to a man who has attempted to break down its safeguards.

There were other reasons, however, for the election of Mr. Curley besides the fact that he had been jailed by the United States. In the first place, Mr. Curley's campaign was brilliant and shrewd. Like his opponent Mr. Kenny, Mr. Curley is a Democrat, and therefore had no need to fear mere partisan attacks. Young, personally attractive, gifted with a fine voice, witty, and quick at repartee, Mr. Curley won a host of supporters by virtue of his frank and gracious manner. Thousands of the common people of Boston felt that he could be trusted with their interests. A good many people who do not like to include themselves with the common herd regarded his ingratiating methods as the deliberate attempt of a clever man to make himself "solid" with the people. Mr. Curley, moreover, profited by his attitude toward immigration. In Congress he had been in the forefront of the opposition to the attempt to restrict the number of incoming aliens. Of course this won him the favor of the steamship companies and also enabled him to make a tremendous appeal to the growing Jewish and Italian voters. On the other hand, the strong financial and business interests that were behind his opponent, Mr. Kenny, enabled Mr. Curley to emphasize his claims as the man of the people. Moreover, the attacks upon Mr. Curley won him a good deal of sympathy. He was probably made too much of a target and was consequently regarded somewhat in the light of a persecuted man. The abuse of him grew tedious and tended to put the supporters of Mr. Kenny in the position of those who claimed to be holier and more righteous than their opponents.

Probably, however, the root of the whole difficulty can be found in the fact that a large part of the Boston population which has been educated to the point of responsible citizenship does not reside within the Boston city limits. It is an obstacle to good city government in Boston that a large part of its real population refuses to be politically identified with the city. On only one side of Boston does the boundary line stretch out to include the suburban population. The comfortable suburban towns and cities seem to lack the intellectual and moral vision to understand the necessity of a united metropolitian community in order to secure the balance which will give democracy a fair chance.

Under these circumstances the kind of

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influence which has created and maintained Tammany Hall in New York City, and which has been growing in Boston, has a better chance than it otherwise would have. In this respect Boston is at least twenty-five years behind New York, and it will continue to trail behind as long as its educated citizens in any large number refuse to take their part in the burdens of city government, refuse to accept the conditions of democracy, refuse to see in the newly arrived immigrant a modern pilgrim, and consider him instead as an intruder; and so long as in any considerable number those whose families have long been identified with Massachusetts tend to believe that those who are wise are changing their residences and business headquarters from Boston to other places. There is more to be hoped for from the newly arrived immigrant who really believes in America, even though his political ideas are primitive, than from the American of long American pedigree who sees in the new phases of democracy only an attack upon his own privileges and the breaking down of cherished traditions.

AT IT AGAIN

The spoilsmen in Congress are "at it" again. They are hungry for offices. They always have been hungry. They are hungrier than ever now because the present Administration has not given them as many as they expected. Can they get more? Directly? No. Indirectly? Perhaps.

The indirect means is to tack on to some bill, the passage of which is necessary for the general good, a provision throwing open certain offices. This provision, so attached, has come to be known as a "rider"—the sort of thing that might possibly ride on the top of a big wave of necessary legislation, but which as a separate measure Congress would never enact. Slipped in with the general appropriation, it goes to the President. As a separate bill he would never sign it; but, though with a wry face, as we have seen, he may let it pass in his conscientious anxiety to afford general relief.

President Wilson has advocated the merit system. He has been Vice-President of the National Civil Service Reform League. Yet the spoilsmen have not hesitated to try to circumvent him.

It may be said that the first "rider" to come before him—the labor provision added to the Sundry Civil Bill last spring—had nothing to do with the merit system. Perhaps not. But it was an objectionable rider, and President Taft had rejected this very bill on account of it. President Wilson signed the bill with the "rider." The success of the subterfuge encouraged civil service destroyers to adopt similar methods. Hence the Income Tax, Currency, and Urgent Deficiency Bills passed at the recent special session of Congress withdrew many desirable positions from the merit system and returned them to the disposal of the party faithful.

Their latest proposal is the most impudent of all—namely, to withdraw the assistant postmasters from the operation of the civil service rules and the competitive merit system. It goes without saying that no person should hold the office of assistant postmaster whose capacity and efficiency have not been thoroughly tested. The present classification of assistant postmasters benefited, first, the incumbents who have won their places by merit. Second, it has benefited every subordinate by offering an incentive to ambition. Third, it has induced better men to enter the service. Under these circumstances the cool proposition to disorganize the whole system into its former chaos would be bad enough; it is doubly so at a time when the postal savings bank and parcel post system make it much more essential than ever to keep politics out of the service.

President Wilson should meet this attempt with the announcement that he will veto any bill containing such a rider. This has already been anticipated by Representative Moon, of Tennessee, who is in charge of the bill and who asks, "Whom did the people of the United States elect? Did they elect only Woodrow Wilson and his Cabinet? No. They elected the whole Democratic party. And none but Democrats should be put on guard." Mr. Moon represents a view of public service which the President certainly cannot wish to encourage.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CANAL ZONE

The chief argument advanced for amending, or modifying by decree, the act of Congress which provides that the Canal Zone shall be placed under the control of a single executive head has been that no one man could be found who combined in his single person the triple qualification of soldier, sanitarian, and civil governor. That this objection, first raised by Mr. Metcalfe, Civil Governor of the Canal Zone since August last, is

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groundless a current rumor may be taken to show.

It has been suggested that the Administration is planning to offer the position of Governor of the Canal Zone to Major-General Wood, who will probably soon be relieved of duty as Chief of Staff. Without attempting to pass upon the truth of this rumor, it is worth considering in relation to Governor Metcalfe's notion that a commission of three men should be substituted for a single governor.

Major-General Leonard Wood is a graduate of the Harvard Medical School. He served as surgeon in the army from 1886 until the Spanish War. Upon the outbreak of hostilities he went to the front as Colonel of the Rough Riders. The end of the war found him with the rank of Major-General of Volunteers. He was then appointed Military Governor of Cuba, holding that place until the establishment of the Cuban nation in 1902. His work as a constructive sanitarian during the American occupation is too recent to have been forgotten. He has served likewise as Governor of the Moro provinces in the Philippines. This brief review of General Wood's career as soldier, sanitarian, and civil governor is here cited not in attempted proof that he is the only man in the country fit for the position of Governor of the Canal Zone, but merely as an illustration of that training and wide experience in constructive achievement which have come to more than one officer in the United States army.

Colonel Goethals's name, of course, is almost the synonym for efficiency and versatility. If he cared to undertake the office of Governor of the Canal which he has so successfully completed, he would of course make an ideal appointee. The mention of Wood and Goethals, however, by no means exhausts the list of available material.

The argument advanced for a commission at Panama can be made with equal lack of force against the retention of every single executive head in our Government.

STATE CONSTABULARIES NEEDED

The Outlook believes that the power which makes the law should share the responsibility for its enforcement. Local ordinances can best be enforced by local police, State laws by State police, and National laws by agents of the Central Government. The Central Government is not satisfied to depend solely upon the efforts of State and city officials to wipe out counterfeiting or to prevent the theft of the mails. It insists upon employing men directly responsible to itself. When the city of New York desires to prevent the shipping of dirty milk to its markets, it relies not upon local health officers but upon inspectors under its direct control. In each of the cases in question, to the advantage which comes from the immediate responsibility of the police power to legislative authority, there is the added advantage that there is little or no temptation to favor local interests and local prejudices.

The growing demand for State constabulary forces to supplement, even if not to supplant, the local officers of peace can be justified theoretically by the reasons here given, and practically by reference to the work that has been done by the troops of mounted State police in Pennsylvania and Nevada. The Pennsylvania troop in particular, under the command of Major Groome, can be pointed to as an example of the value of such an organization.

ARGUMENTS FOR STATE POLICE

In the New York "Evening Post," which has recently been conducting a campaign for the establishment of a State constabulary in New York, Detective William J. Burns writes: "Nobody in the larger cities really comprehends the spread of crime in the country districts of the State. It is deplorable. Something has got to be done in this direction, and the easiest way to better conditions and put a stop to the activities of the criminally inclined is the creation of a State constabulary, a swift-moving body of mounted men who can cover a vast extent of country. . . . When organized, they should be split up into small detachments and sent out to patrol all the desolate stretches of country road. The idea is to make criminals feel that, no matter how lonely a farm-house may be, a State constable will be within call. Link these patrols by a system of telephones, and you will have the entire State covered as thoroughly as a city like New York. One feature of this plan that must appeal to any one who has first-hand knowledge of running criminals to earth is that it would simplify the tracking of men who are wanted. The local police officers are no good for getting such men. A

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State constabulary would make it almost impossible for criminals from the cities to hide in the rural districts."

Mr. Frederic R. Coudert, who has recently been suggested for the position of Police Commissioner of New York City, writing likewise to the "Post," adds still another argument to that advanced by Detective Burns. He says: "After some years of experience in the National Guard I am convinced that a State constabulary is necessary. I recall being ordered out for duty in the Brooklyn car strikes back in the nineties. Brooklyn was transformed into an armed camp. Raw boys who had never been hardened for outdoor life were called upon to sleep in the streets, insufficiently fed and ill clad. A considerable number of the guards died of pneumonia contracted during that tour of duty. Seven thousand men, lacking in training or capacity for that kind of service, were called away from their occupations, when one hundred and fifty men, properly drilled and led, could have smashed the backbone of the disorderly element in a couple of days. The National Guard need all the time they have to attend to their regular duties. Moreover, the possibility of being ordered out for strike duty hinders enlisting."

A striking example of the value of such a "foreign" police force has been recently given to all towns near the great aqueduct, now nearly built, to supply New York City with water. The city has mounted police along the whole line of construction to patrol the roads and keep peace among the laborers.

OPIUM IN THE UNITED STATES

Opium is a dreadful thing except when used for medicinal purposes. The principal seat of its ravages has been China. Some years ago our Government, moved by the sight of hundreds of millions of people in China suffering directly or indirectly from drug habits, called the nations together to consider measures of reform. Yet at that time we had no law of our own prohibiting the improper importation of opium. Such a law was passed only just in time to save our credit in Shanghai, where the representatives of the nations met. At the Hague Opium Conference last summer the fact that the domestic manufacture of and traffic in opium was unregulated here was a source of chagrin to our representatives. They promised that the necessary legislation should be passed. Very shortly, according to the Hague agreement, the Dutch Government will call a formal meeting to name a date for the agreement to go into effect, and will also ask if the American Government has acted as it promised.

Accordingly legislation was prepared, the result not only of years of expert study of the shameful conditions under which we have been living, but also the result of an agreement between the wholesale druggists and business men of the country with the President, Secretary of State, and Secretary of the Treasury.

OUR DUTY

What must be our programme? First of all, prohibit the importation of smoking opium. This we have already done.

Second, check the manufacture of opium. We no longer allow its importation except for medicinal purposes. Hence it is not lawful for any one to import crude or raw opium into the United States and so to manufacture smoking opium. But—and here is the danger point—it is possible to grow the poppy, notably on the Pacific slope, produce opium from it, and, under the Act of 1890, secure a license and manufacture such product into smoking opium. Indeed, owing to the high price of smoking opium because of its exclusion from the United States, certain persons declare that they intend to grow the poppy in this country and manufacture it into smoking opium for domestic use *and for export!*

How may they be checked? By putting a prohibitive internal revenue tax on all smoking opium made here, and by requiring so heavy a bond of the prospective manufacturers as to deter them from their purpose. Accordingly, the legislation which, to its great credit, the House passed *unanimously*, and which the Senate has now passed, would impose a tax of $200 a pound (instead of the present $10), and would require a $100,000 bond (instead of the present $5,000 bond). Moreover, a minimum penalty of a $10,000 fine or imprisonment for not less than five years, or both, would be imposed every time the act was violated. Finally, provision is made for the summary forfeiture and destruction of all smoking opium manufactured in the United States.

The third thing to do in checking opium abuse is to prohibit the export. This has been provided for by a bill passed by both House and Senate when they passed the bill regulating the manufacture of opium.

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tic traffic. Last summer the House passed a measure which has not yet been acted on by the Senate. It requires every person who distributes any opium or coca leaves or any of their derivatives to register his name with the Collector of Internal Revenue and to pay a tax of a dollar a year. The bill prohibits any business of this nature without such registry and prohibits any selling of these drugs except on the purchaser's order on a form to be issued in blank from the Internal Revenue Bureau, this order to be kept for two years so that it may be accessible for inspection by Federal and State officials, the purchaser to keep a duplicate order. The bill prohibits any unregistered person from transporting these drugs from State to State, and makes it unlawful for any such person to have the drugs in his possession; such possession is made a presumptive violation of the act. For any violation the penalty is a $2,000 fine or imprisonment for not more than five years, or both.

We are glad to learn that this bill has the sanction of the National Drug Trade Conference, now in session at Washington, and we are not surprised to learn that it is covertly opposed by the illicit dealers.

The reason for such a law is plain. The enormous increase in our opium consumption is due to the facility with which the drug has been placed within reach of the individual. We have had a shameless inter-State traffic. Of what use is it for the several States to prevent the indiscriminate sales of such narcotics when the Federal Government's failure to control inter-State traffic largely nullifies their efforts?

We trust that the Senate will take earliest possible action on this bill, thus terminating a satisfactory record of anti-opium legislation, redeeming our international pledges, and lessening the evils to public health and to public morals at home.

THE MEXICAN WAR: PRISONERS AND REFUGEES

There is no war between the United States and Mexico, yet United States troops have under guard and are feeding many Mexican soldiers and officers.

This singular situation followed the collapse of the Federal Mexican forces at Ojinaga soon after the arrival of General Villa to take command against them in person. The Federals say that their ammunition was exhausted; Villa says not. At all events, practically the whole Federal army crossed the Rio Grande. Their chief commander, General Mercado, came with them. The "rebels," or Constitutionalists, dared not fire upon their retreating enemies for fear of doing injury in Presidio beyond the American border. Evidently our Government has reversed the policy first followed when the Federal soldiers began to cross the river—namely, to disarm and send them back. Our officers have now made prisoners of the Federals and have disarmed them. Huerta is said to have demanded their release, but to send them back would seem to be violating that principle of neutrality which does not permit one of two fighting forces to make a convenient retreat of a neutral's territory and then to return thence to take up the fighting when opportunity offers. As to the principle involved, we may quote Woolsey's "International Law:"

> Asylum is allowed within neutral territory and waters to a defeated or fugitive belligerent force, and the victor must stop his pursuit at the borders. The conditions, however, according to which the refugees shall be received are not absolutely settled. In the case of troops fleeing across the borders, justice requires that they shall be protected, not as bodies of soldiers with arms in their hands, but as individual subjects of a friendly state: they are, we believe, in practice generally disarmed, and supported in their place of shelter at the expense of their sovereign. The other course would be unfriendly, as protected soldiers might issue forth from a friend's territory all ready for battle; and would also tend to convert the neutral soil into a theater of war.

Imagine Huerta's remarks if he should be asked to pay for the support of his runaway soldiers in the United States!

THE PROGRESS OF THE INSURGENTS

Villa's victory at Ojinaga leaves that part of Mexico north of a line drawn east and west through Chihuahua almost clear of Federal soldiers. Doubtless Villa will now move southward, attack Torreon, and, if he succeeds there, march on toward Mexico City. He says that he will later control Mexico with an army of fifteen thousand, and that he will attempt to join General Carranza at Guadalajara, whence the combined army of twenty-five thousand or more will begin a march toward Mexico City. In reading Villa's boastful announcement, however, it should be remembered that Chihuahua is almost eight hundred miles from the capital, and as the Federal forces retreat they are becoming more concentrated and nearer

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their base of supplies. On the other hand, there are already Constitutionalist forces in Victoria, far to the southeast of Chihuahua, and they may attack Tampico again at any time. Zapata's incessant guerrilla attacks on towns directly south of Mexico City are also a considerable element in the military situation.

Huerta is straining every nerve to meet his constantly increasing financial difficulties. Last week he issued a decree diverting into his war chest the custom-house receipts, which have been applied to interest on the national debt. Practically this means suspension of payment by Mexico on its obligations. This, it is reported, has evoked representations to the United States by European Governments whose citizens or subjects are creditors of the Mexican Government.

RED CROSS RELIEF TO THE MEXICANS

It is cheering to learn that the Red Cross is co-operating in every way with our army on the Texan border. At Presidio, on the Rio Grande, opposite the Mexican town of Ojinaga, there are between two and three hundred persons in the Red Cross hospital. In the town there have been nearly thirty-four hundred Mexican Federal soldiers, and over a thousand women, besides many children, who belong to the families of the prisoners taken by the Federals, and who followed them from Chihuahua. These have now left under our army escort for a four-day march to Marfa, from which point they are to be transported by railway to Fort Bliss, near El Paso, a long distance farther up the border. The Red Cross will also care for these persons, and, if it deems advisable, will arrange to put nurses on the trains that carry the Mexicans to El Paso. From El Paso there is railway connection with Chihuahua, and the fugitives will probably be sent there.

The other Mexicans at Presidio came from Ojinaga and its vicinity. They will doubtless remain at Presidio until they can be returned with safety to Ojinaga.

Unfortunately, the Red Cross has so far been unable to send women nurses to Presidio. The conditions there are so poor that the first agents of the Red Cross had for some time to sleep on the ground or on the floor of the tents which have been provided for the wounded and also for the use of women and children. So far the American army has been providing rations for all these refugees and will probably continue to do so.

But the Red Cross is not confining its Mexican relief to this side of the border. From the province of Sinaloa (adjoining the province of Sonora to the south) there have come reports of severe suffering because of the loss of crops last summer and the shutting down of all the mines. Thousands of persons there are in great need. Accordingly, the Red Cross has made arrangements with the American Consul at Nogales, in Sonora, and an American physician living in Sinaloa to send forthwith a car-load of food supplies. For this initial act some eight hundred dollars has been expended, together with two hundred dollars for transportation to Fuerte, Sinaloa, since everything has to go on mule-back into the interior.

THE GERMAN ARMY

Last week, at Strassburg, the capital of what the Germans know as the Reichsland—better known here as Alsace-Lorraine—a military court martial acquitted the officers accused of exceeding their authority at Zabern—or Saverne, as the French call it. The occasion of the trial was in part the sabering of a lame workman by an army officer who resented the unfriendly remarks of the Alsatian populace, and could vent his resentment only on this unarmed and crippled man. This officer, with the rest, goes scot free.

The German army is a compound of two elements, the aristocratic and the democratic. It is aristocratic in its officers. It is democratic in its rank and file. Its officers are largely members of the upper classes. They go into the army with an inherited sense of social superiority. Their authority over the recruits is absolute. Perhaps it is natural for the officers to think that their authority over civilians should also be absolute.

At all events, that principle has obtained in the past. In 1820 the King of Prussia decreed that, when civil authorities were unable to suppress disorders, the military might intervene at once without waiting for those in charge of local governments to ask them to take action. This decree was made part of recent service instructions issued to the army.

Regarding the causes of trouble at Zabern, the court martial declared that the townsfolk insulted officers in the street almost daily; that the officers were often stoned; it was even reported that shots had been fired. It was necessary for the officers to act sharply

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to preserve order. But this meant the proclamation of martial law at will, the arbitrary arrest and imprisonment of unarmed civilians, the breaking open of private domiciles, and the proposition to fire upon the populace with machine guns. The action of the officer who wounded the crippled cobbler with a drawn saber the court martial called "punitive self-defense." A weak cripple could not have inflicted any bodily harm on the officer. The lieutenant was not defending himself against physical but moral harm—namely, against a possible blow from the enraged civilian! The disgrace to a German officer of a civilian's blow may involve the resignation of that officer from the army.

Is this the German nation of to-day? No. This is not even the German army of to-day, which, in general, represents the nation. It simply represents what is left of the intolerant military class which has long ruled Germany and which has done so because no people is more instinctively inclined towards maintaining law and order than are the Germans.

THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR

The Germans have come to see, however, that there can be excess in the methods of maintaining law and order. The old plea that "the King's Coat" justifies any arrogance is played out. Many Germans who have worn that coat are as sincere democrats as any in America. They have long chafed under the arrogance of army officers. The Zabern incident gives them a chance to express their feeling. The German press reflects that feeling. For instance, the Munich illustrated weekly "Jugend" shows a tiny militarist shouting, "Lieutenant, arrest that woman" (a huge Germania who has divested herself of her crown). "Why," replies the lieutenant, "has she been laughing at us?" "No, worse luck," is the answer; "she is weeping for us."

But the press is not the only outlet for the feeling of the German nation. Parliament is another outlet. And Parliament has actually censured the Imperial Chancellor regarding the Zabern affair.

The Chancellor's popularity with the people is described as "shaky." What difference does it make if he is responsible only to the Emperor? It makes this difference.

Germany has been growing in democracy. Little by little the Chancellor has, willy-nilly, become more and more influenced by the nation.

For instance, in 1907, for the first time, a Chancellor—Prince von Bülow—actually appealed to a Parliamentary majority for support, as a condition of his continuance in office.

Later the Reichstag passed a resolution making the Chancellor responsible to it, but of course the consent of Parliament's upper house, the Bundesrath, was necessary to any such change in the Constitution.

Then came the failure of von Bülow's finance plan in Parliament and his consequent resignation. Though great pains were taken to explain that the Prince had to retire because of failing health, it was none the less significant that his successor, the present Chancellor, began by accepting the finance plan of the Reichstag majority, which the late Chancellor had rejected.

Thus, perhaps unconsciousiy, precisely the process required in Great Britain has been followed in Germany. Henceforth, unless these indications are misleading, the German Chancellor will have a constitutional status more nearly resembling that of the British Prime Minister.

In every country a collision between autocracy and democracy has resulted in but one way. This will, we are convinced, be also true in Germany. The resolutions of majorities will prevail.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's announcement of his retirement from Parliament has little, if any, political significance, no matter how great its personal and historical importance. His active career in Parliament closed when he last spoke there, eight years ago.

Mr. Chamberlain's latest fight has been for tariff reform—not the kind of tariff reform we have had in this country leading to freer trade, but the kind leading towards protection. Mr. Chamberlain was insistent that British trade was going to the dogs if there were to be a continuance of the free trade system. At the time when he was going about the country talking in this way at many places there was a period of business depression, reflected psychologically in the British mind, which is more emotional than some people think.

But what an ironical comment history has made! In the year 1903, when Mr. Chamberlain launched his tariff reform campaign,

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the total trade of the United Kingdom was slightly more than four billion dollars, but in the decade which has elapsed it has not only not declined, as it was prophesied it would, but has advanced to the almost incredible figure of seven billions.

What is more damaging to Mr. Chamberlain's contentions, exports have increased more than have imports. In 1903 they were less than a billion and a half; they are now almost three billions and a quarter.

This latest phase of a notable career, however, should not take our notice from the earlier periods. We may not forget that at one time Mr. Chamberlain was thought to be much more of a radical than is Mr. Lloyd George to-day. We may not forget his opposition to Home Rule. Nor may we forget his remarkable services as Secretary for the Colonies—a position in which he achieved high distinction. Nor will the citizens of Birmingham in particular, where he has made his home, forget that in him as Mayor, and later as Member of Parliament, they found a foremost protagonist of everything which means enlightened municipal administration. And it is in just this feature of administration that British genius most excels.

LABOR WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

The miners of South Africa have gone on strike. This is a far different affair from a mining strike in other parts of the world. In the Transvaal the question is one not merely of labor, no matter how turbulent the spirits turned loose, as was shown in the strike last July. This is bad enough. But a strike on the Rand means that thousands of native miners may have to be marched back to their kraals or homes. This must be done by the Government at an enormous cost.

So much for the blacks. As for the whites, we find them both Boer and British. The Boers are more numerous than is generally supposed.

The Rand miners, and the railway workers, following the miners, voted to join in a general strike, and that strike was proclaimed by the Trades Federation. The South African Government instantly met this by its own proclamation of martial law. The troops were called out to maintain order. The Government has acted with Boer severity. Several hundred persons belonging to the Trades Federation had barricaded themselves in a hall. The Government informed them that, under the provisions of martial law, it must arrest every one in the hall, and that in case of contumacy drastic measures would be used. The most drastic measure proved to be a seven-pounder field gun. After it was placed in position the Government gave the men a quarter of an hour in which to yield, informing them that, if they did not do so, they would be buried beneath the ruins of their fortress. They surrendered.

As last July, under similar circumstances, so now, to their lasting credit, the East Indians in South Africa agreed to drop for the time being their "passive resistance" movement. As could nothing else, such a repeated showing of fine public spirit in refusing to add to the Government's burdens, due to the strike, calls attention to the unsuspected quality of citizenship which the people of India who are in South Africa may develop.

RACIAL WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

Somehow, we have not been accustomed to think of the native of India as a citizen. Neither have the British. The natural thing with them, it would seem, has been to regard the rank and file of India's hundreds of millions of inhabitants simply as hewers of wood and drawers of water, whether the East Indians are in their own land or in another.

This has been specially true of opinion among the South African employers of labor. Owing to the poor native supply, those employers have had to depend largely upon Asia for workers, particularly for plantation workers. Acting in the interests of the planters of Natal, one of the South African states, the Government of that state persuaded the Government of India to allow Indian labor to be recruited for Natal under a system of indenture not far removed from slavery. Alluring prospects were held out to the Indian recruits, offering opportunities to acquire land and afterwards to settle on it as free men; thus there would grow up a prosperous and contented agricultural community. Many East Indians came over under indenture, and a small proportion of free laborers followed them. South Africa has greatly profited by East Indian skilled labor.

But the traditional feeling concerning the natives of India in South Africa still obtains.

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"We want them as indentured laborers, not as free men," a prominent speaker declared last September at a meeting of the South African Agricultural Union. Acting in this spirit, some years ago the Natal Government imposed a fifteen-dollar tax, to apply to every ex-indentured East Indian or descendant of such Indian; if male, under the age of sixteen; if female, under the age of thirteen. This device would compel the East Indians either to quit Natal when their indenture service was over, or else, as would be more probable, so it was thought, go into reindenture.

PASSIVE RESISTANCE

Last year the South African Parliament—which now controls the provinces of Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal, as well as Natal—passed an Immigrants' Regulation Act. The natives of India resident in these provinces recognized the general principle underlying this act, which was the right of South Africa to stop Indian immigration if it so chose. But they resented the continuance of the restriction on their movements from province to province and the continuance of the fifteen-dollar tax. Accordingly, they began a policy of "passive resistance."

The most notable case occurred in November, when the leader of the Natal Indians headed a march of Indians, men, women, and children, across the Natal-Transvaal border, as a protest against the Government's course. Having refused to pay a fine for transgressing the restrictions on movements across the provincial border, the leader was arrested and condemned to nine months' imprisonment. Other men and women as well have gone to prison for resisting disabilities and discriminations which, they claim, are not needed to protect the whites and are prejudicial to Indian self-respect.

But the event which has most infuriated the East Indians was a recent decision of the Natal Supreme Court, by which marriages celebrated according to Hindu or Mohammedan rites cannot be recognized as monogamous, because the rites thus employed are not confined solely to monogamous marriages. Hence, under the decision, no Hindu or Mohammedan wife can be legally recognized as a wife in Natal.

The East Indian population of Natal slightly outnumbers the whole white population. If it is interesting to observe a sharp racial clash in the Transvaal, it is equally interesting to observe this longer drawn out racial clash in Natal.

A WELCOME MERGER

The most important news given the educational world in some time is contained in a simultaneous announcement from the corporation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the overseers of Harvard University that these two institutions have agreed to work henceforth upon a co-operative basis. President Lowell, of Harvard, made an admirable statement of the conditions which have confronted these two institutions in the past and of the spirit in which this beneficent merger was arranged. He says:

"Friends of Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—and they have many friends in common—have long deplored the rivalry of two schools of engineering competing on opposite sides of a river. The disadvantages have been made even more evident by the decision of the Institute to cross the Charles; but the difficulty of making an arrangement satisfactory to both parties has hitherto been very great; and, in fact, the obstacles to a combination between rival institutions supported by and serving the same community have been one of the grave defects of higher education in America. This difficulty seems at last to have been overcome here by a plan for co-operation in the conduct of one school of engineering and mining. The plan is favorable to both institutions. Both gain thereby. Which gains the most can probably not be determined, and certainly has not been computed, for the leading motive with the authors of agreement has lain in another plane. Both institutions exist for the promotion of instruction and research. Each is a means to an end larger than itself, the welfare of the community as a whole; and that both acting in concert can further this end better than either working alone cannot be doubted. By the combination of resources and momentum a school ought to be maintained unequaled on this continent and perhaps in the Old World."

More specifically, the agreement between Harvard and Technology provides that each institution shall be unaffected in name, organization, or title to property, but that the resources of each are to be so utilized that there shall be little or no overlapping of function. The professors in the departments of mechanical, electrical, civil, and sanitary

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engineering, mining and metallurgy at Harvard will be given the corresponding rank in the Institute of Technology. Degrees are to be granted by the Institute and the University, acting separately, upon the recommendation of the enlarged faculty of the former institution. The President of Harvard will in an advisory capacity be permitted to share in the election of any future president of the Technology. This agreement will take effect when the Institute opens its new buildings upon the Cambridge bank of the Charles River basin.

Too often in the past institutions of learning have had more regard for their own advantage than for the common cause in which they are all supposedly engaged. Syracuse University, for instance, has recently sought and accepted from the State of New York aid in the establishment of a forestry school which those conversant with conditions are almost unanimous in saying should never have been diverted from the State College of Agriculture at Cornell. Similar instances have occurred in the West between institutions that owe their support to a common source. This merger of Harvard and Technology will, we believe, have a far-reaching influence for good upon the ideals and development of educational institutions throughout the United States.

ACCEPTED BUT UNHUNG

The National Academy of Design in New York City was founded in 1825. It has always had an honorable history as the main outlet for the exhibition of the works of American artists. The list of exhibitors covered by the Society's two exhibitions a year includes, of course, the chief names in the history of American art.

But for some time there has been dissatisfaction because of the limited opportunity to show pictures. This dissatisfaction has been felt not only by those whose pictures were definitely rejected and yet who felt that their works were worth while; it has also been felt by those whose work was recognized as worth while by the National Academy and yet, because there was no room, these pictures were "accepted but not hung."

Last week about sixty artists whose pictures were accepted by the Jury of Selection for the National Academy's present exhibition but were not hung for lack of space decided to organize their own exhibition. Accordingly they rented rooms at 16 West Forty-sixth Street, and have had their pictures hung there. Thus this is not an exhibition of works of art refused by the Academy. It is not even an organized protest against the action of that body. It is simply an independent exhibition of works of art accepted by the Academy but for which the hanging committee did not have room.

It is evident, after seeing these pictures and comparing them with those at the Academy, that the acceptance of the unhung canvases would not have materially changed the character of the present National Academy exhibition. Among the unhung pictures one finds, it is true, many very agreeable and some capital canvases; it is also true that some pictures hardly seem up to the Academy average. Nevertheless it is a good sign of vitality that the painters of the "accepted but not hung" pictures have decided to show them independently. In 1877 just such a movement led to the foundation of the Society of American Artists, which in 1906 was united with the National Academy. Just such a movement also led to the formation in Paris of a rival society to the famous old "Salon."

The present exhibition will have well fulfilled its purpose if it calls public attention to the fact, first, that existing facilities for the exhibition of pictures in the metropolis are inadequate; second, that the three hundred and fifty works of art at the Academy exhibition this year hardly give a comprehensive idea of the work being done by our artists.

A ROMANTIC PLAY

Among the new plays which set at defiance the tradition that only realism or indecency succeeds is Mr. Percy MacKaye's "A Thousand Years Ago," a play of romanticism all compact now being given at the Shubert Theater in New York City. It is a phantasmagoria, brilliantly staged, and, for the most part, effectively acted. When the curtain rises on the city of Peking, walled and sentineled, and a gay party of four strolling players come dancing on the stage, the leader with the old-fashioned pipe in his mouth, ribbons flying, and irresponsible gayety flowing like a current of air, one is a thousand miles from Broadway and a thousand years from the twentieth century.

Mr. MacKaye has never lacked courage, and sometimes his courage has been greater than

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his stagecraft. In this case he has aimed at a definite result. At a bound he takes his hearers out of the domain of reality and carries them to impossible China to watch the unfolding of an impossible story. The motive, which comes from the Persian "Thousand and One Tales," is not unfamiliar. It is the love of the Emperor's daughter for the beggar, who, of course, turns out to be a prince: and the central incident of the play is the abdication of the Emperor for one day in favor of the chief player on condition that he shall either restore his daughter's cheerfulness or that the player shall lose his head. This perilous wager the player gayly accepts, and wins after much vicissitude. The play (which is published by Doubleday, Page & Co.) has the assistance of extremely effective stage mounting and management. The scenery is of the new order, and is an interesting example of the effectiveness of a setting which, in departing from realism, produces the effect of reality. One of the most effective pictures is the dream of the Princess, in which she sees the mummers, her maid, and the man she loves running up a hill outlined against the sky. The faces are lighted by some subterranean flame, and the whole scene appeals strongly to the imagination. More than once Mr. MacKaye writes with the free, bold hand with which he long ago familiarized his readers. The disguised lover says to the Princess:

"I hear you, yet
I hear like one who dies out on the desert
And dreams he hears sweet water tinkling. Lady,
I parch and drink dream water. Would you dash
That boon from my soul's lips?"

Many lovers have tried to win her by guessing the three riddles; they are already immured in dungeons awaiting their doom. The first riddle is in these happy phrases:

"Tell me, O friend! what is that flower
Which, dying, steals its lover's breath
And, being dead, still blooms in death,
Living beyond its little hour
To grow more sweet in fragrance as it grows in memory?"

DR. SATO AND AN AMERICAN FARM

In an article in last week's Outlook on Dr. Sato, the new Japanese exchange lecturer to the United States, Gail Cleland wrote: "The greatest need of his home land just then was the development of the agricultural lands in Hokkaido, and so he studied practical American agriculture by working on the Horton farm in New York." Horton farm should have read Houghton Farm. Mr. Cleland's article was written after a personal interview with Dr. Sato in Japan, a fact which, making due allowance for a foreigner's pronunciation of our unphonetic language, was responsible for the error, which we take this occasion of correcting.

Houghton Farm was the country home of Mr. Lawson Valentine, one of the founders of The Outlook, and for ten years its president. He was a leader in the development of scientific agricultural education in this country. At his farm in Orange County, New York, he made one of the earliest attempts to establish in this country an agricultural experiment station along the lines laid down by Gilbert and Lawes of Rothamstead, England. Some of the reports of investigations carried on at Houghton Farm over thirty years ago to determine the proper method of growing Indian corn are still considered of value in modern schools of agriculture.

Dr. Sato was one of the young men who came to Houghton Farm to study and work under the scientists in Mr. Valentine's employ. He is remembered to this day as one of the most interesting among these students—a man able and willing to work throughout the day at any manual labor which might fall to his lot, and, when his work was done, equally able to take part in the social life of his scientific instructors.

THE JEWISH ARTS EXHIBIT

Conspicuous among the decorations in the concert hall of Madison Square Garden, New York City, where the Exhibition of Jewish Arts taught in the Bezalel School of Handicrafts of Jerusalem was held last week, was a small flag, two blue bands crossing a white ground and a blue star in the center. "That is the flag of the Jewish nation," was the reply to an inquiry regarding its significance. It was to crystallize the Jewish national idea that the Zionist movement was started some years ago, so that there are now 150,000 Jews in Palestine, and the movement is said to be growing.

The Bezalel School was founded eight years ago by Professor Boris A. Schatz, a European sculptor working in co-operation with the Zionist movement to re-establish old-time Jewish handicrafts to give employ-

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ment to workers, at the same time teaching them valuable trades. The exhibition of the work of these Jewish artists, now for the first time in America, and to be shown throughout the country, contains many articles of interest and beauty in rug-making, filigree work, silver work of many kinds, copper and brass inlaid with silver, and semi-precious stones found in the vicinity of Jerusalem. Everything has been done entirely by hand. The underlying artistic idea of the school is that workers shall draw their inspiration exclusively from Hebrew history, religion, myth, legend, flora and fauna, avoiding, if possible, Arabian and European models—in short, to create a kind of Palestinian Renaissance. Economically the idea is to create an industry by which many may earn a living, to foster self-respect and independence among the Jews, and also to decentralize the Jewish activities.

Workmen are trained at Bezalel, and then furnished with the implements of their craft and given work to do at home. This prevents the growth of a congested factory district with all its evils. And, furthermore, homes, instead of being broken up by the exodus of workers, become centers of labor.

Professor Schatz's idea in bringing the exhibition here is to make Americans familiar with the work and increase the demand for its products. Bezalel not only trains raw labor, but pays each worker a living wage from the beginning. In addition to technical teachers the staff includes instructors in Hebrew, singing, and general subjects. Jerusalem in ruins may be picturesque and dramatic; but Jerusalem as the social, industrial, and intellectual center of a now disorganized but powerful race, with opportunity to develop their racial traits in the best way, will appeal to all interested in the problems that confront humanity.

AMERICAN WORLD-POWER

That the most potent forces work silently, like gravitation, has been demonstrated by the influence of American democracy on Europe since 1776. This century is giving a fresh demonstration, too little observed or appreciated as yet by our people. Political events have pressed home the fact that our Republic has become one of the great world-powers, and cannot adhere to its tradition of aloofness from the others, but must share the responsibilities of civilized to uncivilized or semi-civilized peoples.

What our Protestant churches have been silently effecting to advance the United States toward pre-eminence as a world-power has been observed abroad, and needs to be realized here. A British newspaper correspondent recently wrote home for the benefit of business men that the popularity won by an army of American missionaries and Young Men's Christian Association workers in China had put American enterprises ahead of British competitors. This, though American missionaries keep out of foreign politics, could not fail to promote the political revolution which has given China a republican Constitution modeled from our own, and made Washington the professed ideal of President Yuan Shi-kai.

The great fact for us to appreciate is that among the awakening and the awakened peoples of Asia—in the Levant, in India, in China, in Japan—America is the popular synonym of friendliness, hope, and aspiration. The American missionary, with his hospitals, schools, colleges, and his gospel of unselfish goodness in the service of humanity, has won for it that pre-eminence. He and she have been a century at it, slowly winning way at heavy cost against tremendous odds.

Lacking the safeguards since provided by medical science, more missionaries died in India during the first twenty years than natives were baptized. To-day the four who sailed thither with their wives in 1812 have become an army of six thousand, belting the globe with American stations. The $6,000 supplying them had grown to $7,900,000 last year. Instead of the hostilities those four encountered, $3,309,257 were contributed last year by the people for whom their successors are at work in many lands, with an army of nearly thirty-seven thousand native assistants. Those pioneers labored five years before winning their first convert. Last year added nearly ninety-three thousand members to the more than eight thousand churches now growing in non-Christian lands, a multitude of them grown to independence of foreign aid.

Wherever our countrymen have taught and toiled among Asiatic peoples, numbering half of the world's inhabitants, a new spirit of democracy is awakening, in need of Christian teaching to secure its sanity and stability. In awakening and fostering that spirit the American missionary has become and is a world-power more potent than fleets

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and battalions. As such it is high time that his countrymen appreciated and supported his self-devotion more adequately than hitherto.

AMERICAN MISSIONS IN 1913

Reports furnished to The Outlook by seven of the principal American Mission Boards at work the world around all speak of the increasing momentum with which the work goes on, in some fields beggaring the means in hand to carry it along.

Huge China shows a general readiness to give serious consideration to Christianity. Street chapels that a while ago were almost empty are now, a multitude of them, filled, and men of official rank and education are constantly seen there. In Shansi province, where many missionaries were slain in 1900, the officials have invited American missionaries to take charge of the schools in a large district, with full liberty to teach Christianity, the Government offering to furnish the buildings and contribute $2,880 yearly toward expenses. A company of gentlemen headed by Dr. Wu Ting-fang, formerly Ambassador at Washington, have offered a conditional gift of $60,000 toward the enlargement of the McTyeire Institute for girls at Shanghai. American schools and colleges now include children and youth from the first families, among them a niece of President Yuan Shi-kai, and the student body shows a remarkable increase.

In India the situation has become almost alarming, since no missionary society is yet in condition to meet it adequately. A mass movement has begun in certain districts, professing readiness to abandon pagan practices and adopt at once the outward form of Christianity, and petitioning with aggressive earnestness for Christian instruction. Throughout populous India a social movement toward Christianity is apparent.

Equally unprecedented is a general movement toward Christian institutions in the Turkish Empire. Five years ago fear of persecution deterred Moslem parents from sending children to Christian schools. To-day every American college in Turkey has an unprecedented number of Moslem students. The colleges are packed to the doors; hardly one is not obliged to turn students away for lack of room. Mohammedan mothers come to the heads of colleges pleading for the admission of their sons. Government officials speak publicly in praise of these colleges and willingly permit their children to study the history and content of Christianity. Thus is the rigid solidarity giving way which Mohammedanism has hitherto opposed to its advance.

African missions show similar signs of promise.

In Japan, which owes its rebirth to American educators, the now independent and associated Japanese churches are calling to us for fresh missionary reinforcements to help their work in large areas of the Empire.

In South America the efforts of our missionaries to better the desperate moral conditions of the masses are welcomed and aided by friendly governments.

An auspicious feature of all these reports is the rising tide of enthusiasm in the churches engaged in this world-wide campaign to reinforce it with adequate supplies of men and means, *e.g.*, the missionary convention of three thousand delegates at Indianapolis last October. The development of Christian democracy and civilization which Americans are effecting in the non-Christian world, exhibiting world-power in its noblest form, is a fact of National interest, entitled to National attention and sympathy.

THE NATIONS AND THE BIRDS

The predictions of advocates of the recent legislation prohibiting the importation into the United States of wild-bird plumage for commercial purposes, that such legislation would give impetus to the fight to save the birds in other countries, are being amply fulfilled in England and on the Continent.

In England the outlook for the passage of the Hobhouse Bill, a measure now in committee of the House of Commons, essentially similar to the new law in the United States, grows steadily brighter. The London Chamber of Commerce, hitherto controlled by the feather trade, has been considering the advisability of coming out for the Hobhouse Bill, and the action of several colonial governments in petitioning the Foreign Office to stop the importation of plumage from the colonies has had a marked effect on public opinion as well as upon the minds of British lawmakers. Figures compiled from London milliners' catalogues and just published by the current number of the Zoölogical Society Bulletin of New York show how the closing of the American feather market hurt the business of the London milliners. In Octo-

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ber, the month in which the American law took effect, a vast amount of plumage was left unsold in the London shops. Included in the list were 3,381 pheasant skins, 1,203 skins of the great bird of paradise, 3,321 tern skins, 22,810 kingfisher skins, and egret plumes taken from the backs of 14,964 birds.

The Paris feather trade is particularly well organized and is maintaining a fierce resistance against the campaign of French bird lovers, but in Germany the plumage-sellers are not faring so well. Egret plumes are selling at twenty per cent below the normal price in Berlin and are rapidly going out of fashion, owing to the moral effect of the American and English agitation, according to the journal of the German millinery trade. The German Foreign Office recently prohibited the exportation of wild-bird plumage from German New Guinea for a year while a study is made of the desirability of extending the ban.

The Dutch are another people who are awakening to the necessity of saving wild-bird life, and the Dutch Government, urged on by the Royal Zoölogical Society of Amsterdam, is considering the forbidding of the export of plumage from the Danish West Indies.

There is every indication that within a few years wild birds will be protected by all civilized countries. This will not mean that milady will be forced to forego plumage entirely, for the feathers of the ostrich, peacock, English pheasant, guinea-fowl, domestic turkey, domestic duck, and other tame fowl are always available, and are not to be despised as decorative material.

EFFICIENCY AND SUCCESS

The most successful man is the one who is most willing to learn. The answer to the question, how to increase one's efficiency, is most eagerly sought by business men and business concerns who have already proved themselves by no means inefficient. It is worth the attention of any one to know that the managers and heads of departments of such concerns as the Remington Typewriter Company, the Equitable Life Assurance Society, the Regal Shoe Company, the Remington Arms Company, the United States Trust Company, the American Lithographic Company, Acker, Merrall & Condit, the National Cloak and Suit Company, assemble in a common conference or convention every two weeks. Their purpose in this fortnightly convention is to listen to talks by efficiency experts and to exchange personal ideas about efficiency problems.

Besides the Secretary of the National Society for Industrial Education, on the advisory council that is assisting in carrying on this convention are executives in charge of certain corporation schools. One member is the director of correspondence courses for the instruction of the agents of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company; another directs the office work school for the women employees of the National Cloak and Suit Company; another is the sales manager for Butler Brothers and instructor of their school of general merchandise; another is the director of apprenticeship training for the New York Central Lines; another is director of the New York Edison Company service school; another is the chief instructor in the school for retail salesmen that is conducted by the United Cigar Stores; another is the director of a school for gas-fitters carried on by the Consolidated Gas Company.

We think it will surprise many of our readers to know that companies such as these have schools for the instruction of employees in their various duties. Every such company as these is really, it can be seen, not only a commercial concern, but also an educational institution. These concerns are taking an important part in the educational development of this country; but what is even more significant is that it is not the small and unsuccessful concerns that are seeing the need of greater efficiency in management, but concerns whose names are known all over the United States. And the very men who are experts in efficiency and are at the head of these corporations' training schools are the ones who are gathering together to learn more about their subject.

EFFICIENCY AND GOOD MORALS

Lines of investigation have been mapped out for the fifteen meetings of this convention of efficiency experts. Subjects that will be considered include not only such general subjects as the employees' interest in the business and the employers' relation to employees, but also more specific subjects, such as practical and instructive books, methods of conducting efficiency clubs or schools, and ways of securing employees fitted to their tasks.

At the initial meeting of this convention, in December, which was presided over by

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Dr. Walter L. Hervey, formerly of Columbia University and now of the Board of Examiners of the New York City Board of Education, the speakers were Mr. William R. Willcox, former Public Service Commissioner for New York, and now President of the New York Efficiency Society, and Mr. Arthur Williams, the chief administrative official of the Edison Company, who is President of the National Association of Corporation Schools.

At another meeting Mr. Harrington Emerson, the well-known efficiency engineer, described the methods of efficiency engineering. In later meetings the delegates will exchange experiences with regard to the increasing of efficiency.

In this convention the old haphazard methods are to be treated as unworthy of consideration. Old practices, beliefs, and superstitions are to be disregarded. The convention is undertaking to find the truth with regard to real efficiency, let it come whence it may.

Not the least interesting aspect of this new and hopeful sign in American business is that this movement is under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. The director of it is Mr. Walt S. Goodwin, who calls himself "an employee efficiency educator." He has been an advertising man, a salesman, and a manager. For the past ten years he has centered his labors on the task of teaching employers how to make their employees efficient, and now he is carrying on this convention, which has been made a regular part of the curriculum of the educational department of the West Side Young Men's Christian Association, in New York City, by the Education Director of the Association, Mr. Edward L. Wertheim.

Of course such a movement as this is not only of great advantage to business men and to property, but it is of an even greater advantage to wage-earners. Wasteful methods of production, like all other injuries in the creation of wealth, rest most heavily upon the masses of wage-earners. The elimination of waste in production is the very first and most important step to be taken in increasing general prosperity. To promote the study of efficiency is therefore not only good business, but also the highest kind of good morals; and if carried out in the spirit of service it is just as much a part of religion as the giving of water to the thirsty or bread to the hungry. This efficiency convention under the auspices of a Christian Association is only another illustration of the fact that religion, if it is real, is practicable, and that business, if it is sound, is idealistic.

THE SCHWITOFSKY CASE

It seems almost incredible that in these days of careful criminal procedure in the courts, when the greatest public complaint is of laxity in the punishment of criminal offenses, an innocent man can be convicted and sent to prison to serve a long and hopeless sentence. Nevertheless, there have been not a few well-authenticated instances in this country in recent times of just such unjust and cruel convictions. Not many months ago a Polish-American miner or steel worker in Pennsylvania was discovered while in prison to be entirely innocent of the crime for the supposed commission of which he had suffered punishment many years. Some of his family had died. He was released, and the most that could be done for him was to send him back to his relatives in Europe. The intolerable bitterness of such a victim toward what we call our free institutions can only be imagined.

We do not believe in the dictum that it is better that twenty guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer; one of the greatest social evils of the United States to-day is lawlessness and the contempt of the lawbreakers for law; swift, *unerring*, and severe action by the State, especially as to crimes of violence, is essential for the protection of society. But all this does not make it any less the duty of society to take every precaution to protect the innocent from false accusations, false witnesses, and unjust punishment. Unfortunately, injustice of this kind is suffered almost always by the obscure and the poor, who have neither the influential friends nor the money with which to protect themselves in legal proceedings.

We make these observations as a result of reading an account of "The Case of Alfred Schwitofsky," which has been published by the Rev. Jacob Goldstein, a Jewish rabbi of Brooklyn and the Jewish chaplain of Sing Sing and the Tombs prisons. Our attention has been called to this remarkable story by Mr. Frank Marshall White, whose striking article on "Heaven and Hell in Prison Management," published in The Outlook of December 20, aroused wide public interest. Mr. White became interested in the Schwitof-

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sky case during his study of the police system and police courts of New York. He enlisted the co-operation of Mr. Goldstein, and they, with patience and persistence in the face of many rebuffs, have brought to their aid a number of other influential men, notably the officers of the Prison Association of New York.

Schwitofsky, an American born, son of Austrian immigrants, was, a little over two years ago, sentenced to twenty years in prison for burglary and assault with intent to kill. Although an electrician by trade, he did not have a good reputation and had had previous difficulties with the police. The man whom he was accused of robbing and threatening to kill was a man of most unsavory reputation, who has since committed suicide, probably because of the scandals connected with the case. We do not here go into the details of the case. It is sufficient to say that those who have taken the matter up assert that the real criminal escaped, and that Schwitofsky was arrested by the police on suspicion, and, having once taken this step, and because of his previous trouble with certain police officers, the police were unwilling to acknowledge their error and so managed the matter that it was easy, on account of Schwitofsky's bad reputation, to convict him. Chaplain Goldstein and those associated with him claim that affidavits and evidence of the most convincing character show that Schwitofsky is innocent of the crime for which he is now suffering punishment. They do not claim that Schwitofsky is a good man. They simply claim that he is unjustly punished. They further assert, and we believe with reason, that, no matter how evil a man's character may be, if he is unjustly and corruptly punished a crime is committed against society which society should resent with all its power. One of the reasons they give for Schwitofsky's unjust conviction is that it has been impossible for him to employ proper legal advice or to obtain the publicity of court records which a man in a better walk of life could obtain. Schwitofsky's case has been appealed to the highest court of the State, and Mr. Goldstein and Mr. White and their associates hope that the Governor will appoint a commission to take up the case and go over its history.

Mr. Samuel Untermyer, who has become interested in the case, long ago made the suggestion that there should be a regularly authorized State official, a lawyer of reputation and training, whose duty it should be to see that justice is obtained by the most obscure criminal, just as it is the duty of the District Attorney to defend society against the most powerful criminal. This official should be a public defender, as the District Attorney is a public prosecutor. The suggestion is well worth careful consideration. Such an official, we understand, now exists in California. In our criminal courts the poor criminal who cannot afford to pay a lawyer has one assigned to him, but unless there is some money for a fee the lawyers thus assigned are often absolutely careless and negligent about their client's rights.

It may be that in the final investigation Schwitofsky will be decided by the State to be suffering a just punishment; but, at any rate, his story as told by Mr. Goldstein arrests attention and raises the question whether society is the only sufferer from the maladministration of our criminal law.

THE TWO CONCEPTIONS OF GOD

Two recent utterances on the religious situation come from men of such different training and points of view that their essential harmony is very significant, and their words may be taken as expressing a widespread feeling in regard to the attitude and work of organized Christianity. Dr. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, personifies the old Puritan tradition modified by scientific thought, modern learning, and the influence of democracy. In him survives and is expressed in contemporary terms the individualism of the Puritan. Dr. Rainsford, on the other hand, was for twenty years rector in one of the most active parishes in the city of New York. He transformed the methods of that parish, and while he sustained its pulpit tradition for preaching ability he recognized clearly the radical change in the character of the neighborhood of St. George's Church, and adapted its methods to the needs of that neighborhood. His preaching was distinctly evangelical in that it pressed personal obligation home to his auditors, and St. George's became an institutional church. Here, then, are two men representing radically different traditions and coming to an agreement on one or two points from entirely opposite points of view.

Dr. Eliot is a man of scientific temper; before he became President of Harvard

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University he was a teacher of science. One is not surprised, therefore, to find his statement of his views begin with reference to the publication of the "Origin of Species," followed by references to the triumphs of chemistry and physics, the rapid progress of democracy, and the increasing application of the doctrine of human brotherhood, as profoundly affecting the religious thought of the world. The anthropomorphic ideas of God, together "with all the imperial and feudal-system ideas of God," declares Dr. Eliot in an address printed in pamphlet form by the American Unitarian Association, have now been radically changed by the doctrine of evolution. No thinking person, he says, "now regards the story of the Garden of Eden as other than a primitive myth." "For modern men," he declares, "the Creator is a sleepless, active energy and will, which yesterday, to-day, and forever actuates all things, as the human spirit actuates its own body, so small and yet so inconceivably complex." Twentieth-century people "recognize God chiefly in the wonderful energies of sound, light, and electricity, in the vital processes of plants and animals, in human loves and aspirations, and in the evolution of human society. . . . The thought of God as monarch or king is inconsistent with the nineteenth-century revelation of him through the achievements of natural science. He now appears as an incessant workman, as universal servant, as tireless, omniscient energizer." Is this thought of God un-Christian? Not, Dr. Eliot declares, if we accept two sentences in the New Testament, "God is a spirit," and "In him we live and move and have our being."

Democracy has produced a great change in the popular conception of the human ruler. It regards its rulers as selected servants. It respects them because they represent for the time being the mind and power of the nation; it thinks of them as leaders rather than as rulers. As a rule men of science have scant respect for tradition, or for any authority which is founded on age or acceptance by former generations. They have no faith in magic or miracle. They have a passion for truth and fact. These two forces—democracy and the spirit of scientific inquiry by the inductive method—have developed a freedom which has become the primary condition of existence of all scientific and democratic achievement. Dr. Eliot predicts that Christianity, renouncing its connection with governments and oligarchic institutions, will become the cordial ally of intelligent democracy and progressive science. It will enforce more and more the doctrine of human brotherhood: the sense of personality will deepen; and, so long as man is man, God will be thought of as a person, and will be described more and more as "Our Father." The love and reverence of mankind will gather more and more about Jesus Christ, whose personality will receive greater and greater emphasis by the Church of the future.

This interpretation of the signs of the times from the standpoint of religion, with its prediction of the form religion will take in the twentieth century, is, in one point at least, strikingly reinforced by Dr. Rainsford in a letter recently addressed to the New York "Evening Post." Readers of The Outlook will remember the unhappy division of opinion which has arisen in the Church of England regarding the action of two missionary bishops in Africa who officiated at a communion service at which missionaries of other churches received communion. Dr. Rainsford, who has lately returned from Kikuyu land, declares that in East Africa the Christian religion is not only face to face with heathenism, but has laid upon it the task of winning men from an existence wholly barbarous, and he gives examples of the barbarism which still prevails in that section. He declares that it must be apparent to any one that, in the face of such bestiality as prevails among the natives and confronted by so simple and dominating an evangel as Mohammedanism, Christian missionaries can hope for little success unless they combine their efforts and simplify their creeds; and he declares that before we give Christianity to the heathen we must agree as to what are the essentials of Christianity. We must discard complications of statement which have overlaid the simple, fundamental truth of the Gospel, the message of whose founder was intended to reach and to be helpful to the man in the street. If there has ever been a time when it has been necessary to impose on the man in the street elaborate statements of doctrine, that time is now past. Dr. Rainsford might have quoted from a great address delivered in New York by Phillips Brooks on his return from Japan, many years ago, when he said in substance that the Thirty-nine Articles and the Westminster Confession have no place in Japan;

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all that we ought to do is to take Jesus Christ to Japan and leave him with the Japanese. Those words sounded radical when they were spoken more than a quarter of a century ago; but every Christian missionary working among the intelligent and able peoples of the Far East, if his perception of the needs of the people about him is stronger than traditionalism, will concede their truth.

Dr. Rainsford declares that there are two theories of the Christian religion: one imperialistic, the other democratic. Both insist on the importance of religious truth; both believe that man cannot live healthily without religion; but the imperialist insists that religious truth differs radically from other truth. It is supernatural, and must be guarded by supernatural methods. The Church is appointed as a central authority, with a representative and inerrant head, in order to protect this supernatural truth. The democratic theory, on the other hand, holds that the best of men have erred in their religious conclusions; but that in spite of much error man's soul is still the candle of the Lord; that the heart and living germ of the Christian religion are to be found in the spirit of truth and of goodness in all men, and that all who try to follow and obey the great Master who came to teach it are members of his Church. And Christians of this type believe that the service of our fellows, as Jesus Christ declared it, is the only possible basis of ultimate union. This difference of conception of the Christian religion and the Christian Church has existed since the time of Jesus Christ. It is not peculiar to the Christian religion; it is inherent in all religions; in equatorial Africa, in Kikuyu land, it is forcing the issue which Christians are facing everywhere: "On one side the priest and imperialism; on the other the prophet and democracy."

The Outlook is more in sympathy with Dr. Rainsford's interpretation of the religion of the twentieth century than with Dr. Eliot's, but both bring out the two main directions of modern thought, the two dominating influences at work in modern society. "God fulfills himself in many ways," and he is fulfilling himself through science and democracy. His will remains, and must always remain, supreme, but it has been revealed to us as a result of the knowledge of nature—which is as authoritative a revelation of one aspect of the Divine Personality as the Bible is of another aspect—not as arbitrary but as a consistent expression of the divine mind and heart; God is no longer a ruler without responsibility to his subjects, but their heavenly Father.

The sovereignty of God remains, and must always remain, supreme, but the recognition of the divine sonship of man, which is the underlying conception of democracy, has changed the thoughts of men to conform more and more to the revelation of the divine nature in Jesus Christ, who manifested the Eternal God as a father who not only pities his children, but who suffers with them and for them. The conception of a suffering God is the most daring and the most sublime thought which has found lodgment in the mind of man. It is, speaking reverently, the democratic conception of the Infinite.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN

The retirement of Dr. Washington Gladden from the active work of the ministry, after a service of thirty-one years as pastor of the First Congregational Church of Columbus, Ohio, marks the end, not of Dr. Gladden's ministry, but of his responsibility as the leader of a congregation; for Dr. Gladden's ministry has been of a kind which does not end with his retirement from the active pastorate.

A Pennsylvanian by birth, a graduate of Williams College, a Congregational pastor in Brooklyn and Morrisania, New York, and in North Adams and Springfield, Massachusetts, Dr. Gladden went to the Congregational church in Columbus in 1882. He has been fifty-four years a minister of the Gospel, but his work has never been confined to the church of which he happened to be the pastor, nor to the city in which he happened to be living. Early in his career his interest in industrial and social conditions marked him as a man who was to become a leader, while his gift of expression made him an author almost as soon as he become a preacher. His first book, "Plain Thoughts on the Art of Living," was published in 1868; his latest book, "The Labor Question," in 1911; between those dates there is a long list of publications dealing with religious and social questions, notable for frankness, clear thinking, and for simplicity and directness of expression.

The chairman of the church meeting at which Dr. Gladden's resignation was communicated to his people used a phrase very happily descriptive of the man and the

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preacher. He said: "We realized that he was a great man doing a great thing very simply and very naturally." From the beginning of his career Dr. Gladden has been a great man doing great things with such simplicity and modesty that only those who can understand greatness have fully appreciated the significance and value of his services. His sermons have never been what our forefathers called "great pulpit efforts;" they have expressed the convictions of a man of growing intellectual and spiritual life. At first they were the utterances of a prophet speaking to a generation very few of whom read the signs of the times: of late years they have been records of fulfillment, for Dr. Gladden has lived to see the seeds sown in youth yielding the harvest of action at maturity. He has been an impressive rather than an eloquent preacher in the usual sense of the word, though the fine literary quality of his sermons has never failed to give delight to his auditors. His pulpit work has been characterized by definite conviction, great earnestness, and the breadth and simplicity of expression which have made the common people listen to him gladly.

Dr. Gladden's ministry has been a ministry of prophecy in both senses of the word. He has not only, in season and out of season, declared the will of God as he understood it; but he has also forecast the future, as a man can who understands the working of moral law. For the prophet is not one who by special gift is able to penetrate the mists of the future, but is rather one who has such a clear sight of the working of moral laws in every field that he can, either from the violation of those laws or from the obedience rendered to them, foretell what the future will be.

Dr. Gladden felt deeply the injustice of many economic and social conditions long before those conditions had attracted the attention of the great mass of people. Because they were unjust he knew they could not endure; and it became his function, first to bring the abuses into clear light, and then to enforce upon men the moral responsibility they brought with them. To him, as much as to any one man in the country, is due the great change of attitude on the part of thoughtful and intelligent people toward social and economic conditions. He has never been an agitator, but his voice has never been silent in regard to these matters; he has never identified himself with a party or a faction, but there have been few more effective leaders than he. As a writer, as a speaker in constant demand on public occasions and for the lecture platform, and as a preacher, Dr. Gladden has been one of the most tireless, persuasive, convincing, and useful men of his age. Without ostentation, without a touch of self-advertising, at the opposite extreme from sensationalism, his broad human sympathies, his strong common sense, and his clear intelligence have made him one of the first public servants of his time.

Dr. Gladden's temperament and spirit have made him an interpreter, which is a far greater function than that of the agitator. His large humanity has put him in touch with all kinds of men on all sides: and he has been able to interpret employers to employees, employees to employers, classes to classes, the world to the church, and the church to the world. It has fallen to him to discharge the great and difficult work of the mediator between groups of people who were ignorantly fighting one another, who thought of one another as enemies, when they were only temporary foes. In theology he has been progressive without being destructive. His work has been, not critical, but constructive; and his temper of mind has been judicial. To many good causes he has been a tower of strength, and he has endeared himself to a great circle of friends by his simple loyalty, his disinterested and helpful friendship. Such a ministry as Dr. Gladden's does not end with the retirement of the minister from the pulpit, nor does such a man cease from exercising a great influence because he no longer holds an official position.

It is impossible to estimate the service which such a man renders to his generation.

TO SEE OURSELVES

Are our readers aware that they are involved with all the rest of the ninety million inhabitants of the United States in a gigantic conspiracy? The plot seems to be one to monopolize South America!

The discoverer of this plot is a Brazilian, and his discovery has been announced in the "South American," a newspaper devoted to South American interests and published in New York City. In the Mexican situation, according to the writer in the "South American," the United States is noting an opportunity for the establishment of "a thinly

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veiled protectorate" over all the weaker countries of the Western Hemisphere, "with eventual monopoly, in favor of the United States, of the trade of the whole continent," and "an eventual confederation under the American flag"!

Until this article appeared we had no idea how far-sighted and ingenious in international affairs we Americans were. The critic in the "South American," however, makes it as clear as day. To this end and purpose he ascribes "the cynical repudiation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty; the high-handed treatment of Panama; the attempt to betray all Eastern nations into the acceptance of impracticable arbitration treaties; the development of the United States navy; and especially the seizure, present or impending, of all territory available for the possible construction of interoceanic canals through or near the Isthmus"—an evident reference to our Nicaragua treaty.

In Mr. Roosevelt's trip to South America this Brazilian critic sees another proof of this plan on the part of the United States to embrace the whole continent, including the great country of Brazil and the mighty Amazon. He likens Mr. Roosevelt to Artemus Ward's traveler, who said that he was going to see New York City, and added, "If I like it, I shall buy it." He understands that "Mr. Roosevelt is taking a stroll round the South American continent, to finish up with an exhaustive study of the Amazon River and its affluents from the comfortable quarter deck of a canoe." And he remarks, "If he likes that noble river, we feel firmly convinced that he will annex it."

American protestations that the United States is not considering the acquiring of new territory do not feaze this discoverer, for he declares: "Of Mr. Woodrow Wilson's sincerity we entertain no doubt whatever;" but "the United States is, for him, a species of Divine Providence, almighty in power, graciously beneficent, 'imposing peace' on earth, protecting its Latin-American chosen people, expending its wrath in fulminations against the wicked, as represented by the European nations. . . . His figure starts up, as from the ground, broad-hatted, round-cropped, three-corner-cloaked; the typical Old-World Puritan, Praise-God-Barebones Redivivus, with the classic nasal intonation."

In spite of the fact that this Brazilian view of the United States is published in New York City, it does not seem to be based on very intimate acquaintance with the ordinary citizen of the United States. We know of nothing that is much further from the mind of such a citizen than profound interest in foreign affairs, and certainly nothing at all further from his mind than desire for any kind of foreign conquest. Indeed, the mere suggestion that the people of the United States have plans for the acquisition of foreign territory strikes us as amusing, and the intimation that in the making of such plans they have shown astuteness and deliberation is actually comic. We surmise that this Brazilian view is not typically Brazilian.

Indeed, the far-sighted and broad-minded among the Brazilians do not take the view put forth by the critic whom we quote, any more than do those who are far-sighted and broad-minded in any other Latin-American country.

What we Americans are truly chargeable with is not any preconceived plan to dominate South America, but a lack of understanding of our Latin-American neighbors, a lack of consideration for their feelings, and a lack of consistency and uniformity in dealing with them. Perhaps we ought not to be surprised or pained that our ignorance should be interpreted as an extraordinarily crafty intelligence, that our bland lack of consideration should be interpreted as ruthless ambition, and that our lack of consistency and uniformity should be interpreted as the tactics of a nation of strategists. There is something, after all, that is flattering in the view expressed by the "South American;" but it is erroneous. A much closer approach to the truth, though we may not like it so well, is the view expressed by the greatest newspaper of Argentina, "La Prensa," of Buenos Aires. That journal finds in the management of the Mexican situation by the United States, as interpreted by the comments of the North American newspapers and the debates in American legislative chambers, not only elements of vacillation, but also of a mistaken notion regarding the sovereignty of the Latin-American republics. If the people of the United States really respected the international standing of Latin-American nations, there would not, says "La Prensa," be any evidence of desire to intervene in Mexico. In saying this "La Prensa" seems to intimate that the relations of the United States with such countries as Mexico, Colombia, and Venezuela ought to be the same as those with Argentina, Brazil, and Chile.

The reason why we have not sufficient

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respect for the "integrity" of Mexico is, according to "La Prensa," because of our commercial interests. The Mexican problem as it exists to-day would not exist, in "La Prensa's" judgment, "if, from the first moment, the Government of the United States had assumed an attitude simply and severely in harmony with the respect due to Mexican sovereignty. . . . No one can dispute the right of the Government at Washington to abstain from relations with the Government of General Huerta, but from this to intervention, in whatever form, in order to destroy and create governments, there is an abyss."

Interventions in the internal affairs of an alien country give birth "to international hatreds." Nevertheless, thinks "La Prensa," our Government could recognize the belligerency of the revolutionary party as a means of influencing the spirited General Huerta and his followers, for this action would be only from the outside.

It is significant to note, however, that this largest and perhaps most influential paper in South America has entire confidence as to the ultimate result. Its reason is to be found in the fact that intervention would mean a profound disturbance to the cordiality of the two races which inhabit the Western Hemisphere. Hence, in "La Prensa's" opinion, a recognition of the principle of sovereignty must underlie any and every attempt at pan-Americanism.

More closely though this approximates to the truth than the view expressed in the "South American," there is one fundamental defect in this criticism by "La Prensa." It lies in the assumption that our relations with Mexico ought to be like our relations with Argentina. If that were true, the converse would be true, namely, that our relations with Argentina should be the same as our relations with Mexico. Of course neither is true. There is no more reason why Argentina, Brazil, and Chile should be put into the same category as Mexico, Colombia, and Venezuela because both groups happen to be Latin-American, than that Japan should be put into the same category with Siam because both happen to be Asiatic. We acknowledge that we have been blandly ignorant of our Latin-American neighbors, and as ignorant of one group as of the other; but we are learning. And one of the things that we are learning is to distinguish between the Latin-Americanism of Venezuela or Colombia or Mexico, and that of the great republics of Chile and Brazil and Argentina. We are sorry that there are some Chileans and Brazilians and Argentinians who apparently are not willing to make this distinction themselves. There is no reason why they should be willing to be classed with their turbulent and irresponsible neighbors.

We hope that in the near future the people of these greater republics, whose respect we covet and whose co-operation we should seek, will understand at least these two things about the United States: First, that in doing what we have done in Santo Domingo and in Nicaragua, where this country has provided military protection and supervised the collection of customs, we have not been actuated by any desire for territory. If the course of the United States in Santo Domingo has not sufficiently demonstrated that, the negotiation and final confirmation of the Nicaraguan treaty ought to do so. Second, that our attitude towards such a country as Mexico, which involves a sense of responsibility for turbulence just across our borders, is no indication whatever that we have any lack of respect for the integrity or character of such stable and competent republics as Argentina, Brazil, and Chile.

In acknowledging that the United States ought to understand better the peoples of Latin America, it is perhaps not too much to ask that the peoples of Latin America should understand the United States better, and even learn to be discriminating as regards themselves.

WINTER LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS

The delightful winter resorts of South Carolina, Florida, Bermuda, and southern California are well known to the American tourist and health-seeker. The very term "winter resort" in the United States has grown to be a sort of synonym for a hotel or a club or a community in which the life of August and September can be prolonged into December and January, or the life of May and June can be foretasted in February and March. This carrying over of summer into winter has undoubtedly been a source of comfort, happiness, and welfare to thousands of people who for one reason or another cannot happily or safely endure the rigors of a Northern winter climate.

But there is another side to the shield.

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Winter has its beauties and its joys as well as summer. Why should not our railway managers, hotel proprietors, and club trustees do more than they are now doing to encourage and provide for a winter life for tourists after the excellent plan of the Swiss?

Elsewhere in this issue will be found some pictures illustrating the way in which Switzerland has turned the ice and snow of her mountain valleys and plateaus into a source of profit to herself and of joy and vitality to the tourist. The development of winter life in the Swiss mountain resorts has been remarkable. Its very origin is comparatively recent. Thirty-five years ago John Addington Symonds, the English critic and poet, made Davos famous as a winter resort by an essay of his that may be found in the delightful volume "Our Life in the Swiss Highlands," which he wrote in collaboration with his daughter. Davos is in the eastern part of Switzerland and lies in a mountain valley over five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Winter life such as the English pioneer tourist introduced in Davos has now spread all over Switzerland, and practically every mountain valley which provides for summer tourists now provides also for the winter visitor. Skating, snow-shoeing, tobogganning, are the sports. And there are those who feel that the beauty of the winter landscape is not surpassed by the sunshine, the wild flowers, and the mountain streams of summer. A passage from the essay by Symonds to which we have referred gives a striking impression of this winter beauty:

"All the charms of which I have been writing are combined in a sledge drive. With an arrowy gliding motion one passes through the snow-world as through a dream. In the sunlight the snow surface sparkles with its myriad stars of crystals. In the shadow it ceases to glitter, and assumes a blueness scarcely less blue than the sky. The journey is like sailing through alternate tracts of light-irradiate heavens and interstellar spaces of the clearest and most flawless ether. The air is like the keen air of the highest glaciers. As we go, the bells keep up a drowsy tinkling at the horse's head. The whole landscape is transfigured—lifted high up out of commonplaceness. The little hills are Monte Rosas and Mont Blancs. Scale is annihilated, and nothing tells but form. There is hardly any color except the blue of sky and shadow. Everything is traced in vanishing tints, passing from the almost amber of the distant sunlight through glittering white into pale gray and brighter blues and deep ethereal azure. The pines stand in black platoons upon the hillside, with a tinge of red or orange on their sable. Some carry masses of snow. Others have shaken their plumes free. The chalets are like fairy houses or toys; waist-deep in stores of winter fuel, with their mellow tones of madder and umber relieved against the white, with the fantastic icicles and folds of snow depending from their eaves, or curled like coverlids from roof and window-sill, they are far more picturesque than in the summer. Color, wherever it is found, whether in these cottages, or in a block of serpentine by the roadside, or in the golden bulrush blades by the lake shore, takes more than double value. It is shed upon the pallid landscape like a spiritual and transparent veil. Most beautiful of all are the sweeping lines of pure untroubled snow, fold over fold of undulating softness, billowing along the skirts of the peaked hills. There is no conveying the charm of immaterial, aerial, lucid beauty, the feeling of purity and aloofness from sordid things, conveyed by the fine touch on all our senses of light, color, form, and air, and motion, and rare tinkling sound. The enchantment is like a spirit mood of Shelley's lyric verse. And, what is perhaps most wonderful, this delicate delight may be enjoyed without fear in the coldest weather. It does not matter how low the temperature may be, if the sun is shining, the air dry, and the wind asleep."

This exhilaration of winter life might be enjoyed in the United States much more than it is. A few adventurous spirits, it is true, do now enjoy it. A few believers in the bracing air of the snowy hills do seek health in it. The little town of Saranac Lake in the Adirondack Mountains has made for itself an almost international reputation because it believes that winter ice and snow and cold can be turned into vitalizing forces.

Summer and winter are not antagonistic, they are complementary. Sun and warmth and flowers have their place in winter as well as in summer. Europe has its Riviera, its southern Italy, and its Egypt, as well as its Swiss Highlands. The United States should have its winter resorts in northern New England and the Northwest as well as in Florida.

Is there not a lesson for Americans in the example of the Swiss, who have made

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the glory and refreshment of their mountains and lakes as accessible in the winter as in the summer?

JAPAN IN TIME OF DISASTER

Kiushiu is the southernmost of the four larger islands on which the vast majority of the people of Japan live. It contains one very widely known town, Nagasaki, which has been open to foreigners under rigid conditions for centuries, the Dutch maintaining a precarious footing there even during the two hundred and seventy years when Japan was closed against the world. There are several great harbors or bays on the coast of Kiushiu; one of them is the Bay of Kagoshima, running almost due north and south. In this bay lies the island of Sakura, and not far away rises the volcano Sakurshima. On Sunday of last week the whole neighborhood was shaken by a series of earthquakes—no less than a hundred and fifty, if newspaper reports are to be trusted—and on Monday Sakurshima suddenly became active. No very clear and trustworthy account of what actually happened has yet appeared. It will be necessary to wait until the excitement has subsided and the newspaper communication has been more thoroughly reestablished before an accurate picture of what happened can be conveyed to the public. In the meantime, however, it is clear that the island has been overtaken by a terrible disaster, and that Japan is under the shadow of a calamity the effects of which will be felt in all parts of the Empire.

The volcano has been quiescent for a hundred and thirty years. Villages had gathered around its base, and the people had dismissed the possibility of danger from their minds, although danger is never absent from Japan.

On Sunday morning, as the story is told by some of the survivors, the mountain seemed to open in a number of places, lava and blazing stones flowing from these fissures and destroying everything in their path. The residents on the western slope were the first to suffer. As the flames swept down the mountain-side, the people ran from the village to the beach opposite the city of Kagoshima. Those who were fortunate enough to find refuge on boats escaped, but the greater number found escape cut off, and hundreds are said to have perished before they could be reached by rescuers. The people of Kagoshima, a town of about thirty thousand inhabitants, and one of the centers of the manufacture of the famous Satsuma pottery, had supposed themselves safe and regarded the terrifying scene as intensely interested spectators witnessing a great outburst of cosmic forces. But as the earthquakes increased in number and intensity it became clear that Kagoshima was to be included within the area of destruction, and the authorities ordered the inhabitants to leave the city. The order was almost simultaneous with a great shower of ashes, which continued through the night. Meanwhile the island of Sakura was practically blotted out. This island is about six miles long and five miles wide. Its population was about fifteen thousand, and it is reported that not less than ten thousand perished. Many of the boats which were loaded by refugees are said to have been carried to the bottom by the fiery stones which were thrown out by the volcano. The island is buried under molten lava and thickly packed ashes brought there by a strong wind. Those who saw the slopes of Vesuvius or of Etna after the eruption a few years ago will understand how rapidly and with what complete destruction streams of lava can devastate a country. It is impossible at this moment to estimate with any accuracy the number of people destroyed by this fearful catastrophe, but many thousands must have perished.

The three thousand and more islands (most of the small ones uninhabited) which lie along the western coast of Asia for nearly twelve hundred miles and constitute the Empire of Japan were created by volcanic action, and there are still more than fifty active volcanoes in the Empire. Fuji, perhaps the most beautiful mountain in the world, sacred to all Japanese, according to tradition, was thrown up in a single night. It has now been quiescent for more than two hundred years. Asamo, eighty miles northwest of Tokyo, is still active; and the little summer colony of foreigners and Japanese at Kasazawa, a summer resort which has grown up in a beautiful and salubrious valley among the mountains, five or six miles distant, is constantly reminded of danger by showers of ashes and by the luminous sky behind the volcano at night. Observations covering a period of twenty-five years record no less than thirty-seven thousand six hundred and forty-two earthquakes, not taking into account vibrations of such minor intensity that they were felt only

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by delicate instruments. This means an average of about four earthquake shocks a day in some parts of the Empire. These disturbances, as a rule, do not work great injury; but about once in a generation there comes a great catastrophe, so that even the minor vibrations are always ominous. Mr. Okakura uses the word "vibrant" in describing the country; and the Japanese, recalling their mythology with a touch of modern humor, attribute this constant shaking to the restlessness of the great fish on which the islands were supposed to rest.

With their usual intelligence, the Japanese have conformed their architecture, both domestic and religious, to the dangers to which they are exposed. The houses are built of wood and are generally low, the framework is joined by mortising, and even a severe shaking leaves the structure practically uninjured. The stone walls of the castles, many of them of great age, are given a curvature which secures stability and gives pleasure to the eye; while the pagodas, some of them five stories high and centuries old, have survived many earthquakes by the device of hanging a piece of timber, like a great mast, from the top and resting it on a pivot, so that in case of shock the structure, poised on this central column, sways automatically with the earth. Japan is constantly exposed to three great perils—earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and tidal waves—and the first two are rarely experienced within reach of the sea unless accompanied by the third. It is reported that tidal waves swept the Bay of Kagoshima after the earthquake. A few years ago a great tidal wave swept a section of exposed coast on the northwest, overwhelming a vast territory, practically destroying every structure and drowning thirty thousand people.

It is in the presence of such dangers as these that the quiet courage of the Japanese is constantly displayed and their habit of stoicism explained. Only a brave people could live under such conditions; and the daily history of the Empire interprets one of their most significant proverbs, "Duty has the weight of a mountain and death the weight of a feather." It is also characteristic of the intelligence of the Japanese that they have made a scientific study of these phenomena, and that one of the foremost seismic experts in the world is a Japanese. The experts are quoted as expressing the opinion that the present activity of the volcanoes throughout the islands has saved the country from a very disastrous earthquake. It is estimated that a hundred thousand people have been made homeless, and the railway for a distance of two hundred and thirty miles is blocked with stones and earth. It is impossible to imagine anything more appalling than the combination of earthquakes, violent volcanic eruptions, and tidal waves. In the presence of these cosmic forces men are helpless.

Led by the Emperor, the Japanese people at once took every step to rescue and aid the unfortunate people of Kagoshima. President Wilson has sent two cablegrams to the Emperor expressing the great sympathy of the people of the United States and offering any assistance which our Government can render. The suffering in Japan is intensified by widespread famine in Hokkaido, the northern island, where there has been a complete failure of the rice crop and of the fishing industry. In some localities the destitution is so great that the schools have had to be closed and the people are driven to every expedient to sustain life. Food and clothing and money are needed greatly, and in this crisis foreign as well as local assistance ought to be forthcoming. The Japanese Government has appropriated $3,250,000 for the relief of the victims of the famine. Meanwhile President Wilson, as the official head of the Red Cross Society, has issued an appeal for aid. The failure of crops, he says, has brought hundreds of thousands of persons face to face with the misery of slow starvation, while desolation and death have been carried to the thickly populated island of Kiushiu. He therefore appeals "to the humanity of our American people, that they may give expression to their sympathy for the suffering and distress of so many of their fellow-men by generous contributions for their aid. Such contributions can be made to the local Red Cross treasurers, or sent directly to the American Red Cross, Washington, D. C." This appeal will not fall on deaf ears. The old-time friendship of Americans for Japan will generously respond. Japan is not in the habit of asking assistance; it is the condition of a brave and patiently industrious population, overwhelmed by an appalling disaster, that appeals to the generosity of a country which assumed the great responsibility of opening the Japanese Empire, and which has from the beginning in all national relations treated the Empire with disinterested friendship.

HAMILTON W. MABIE.

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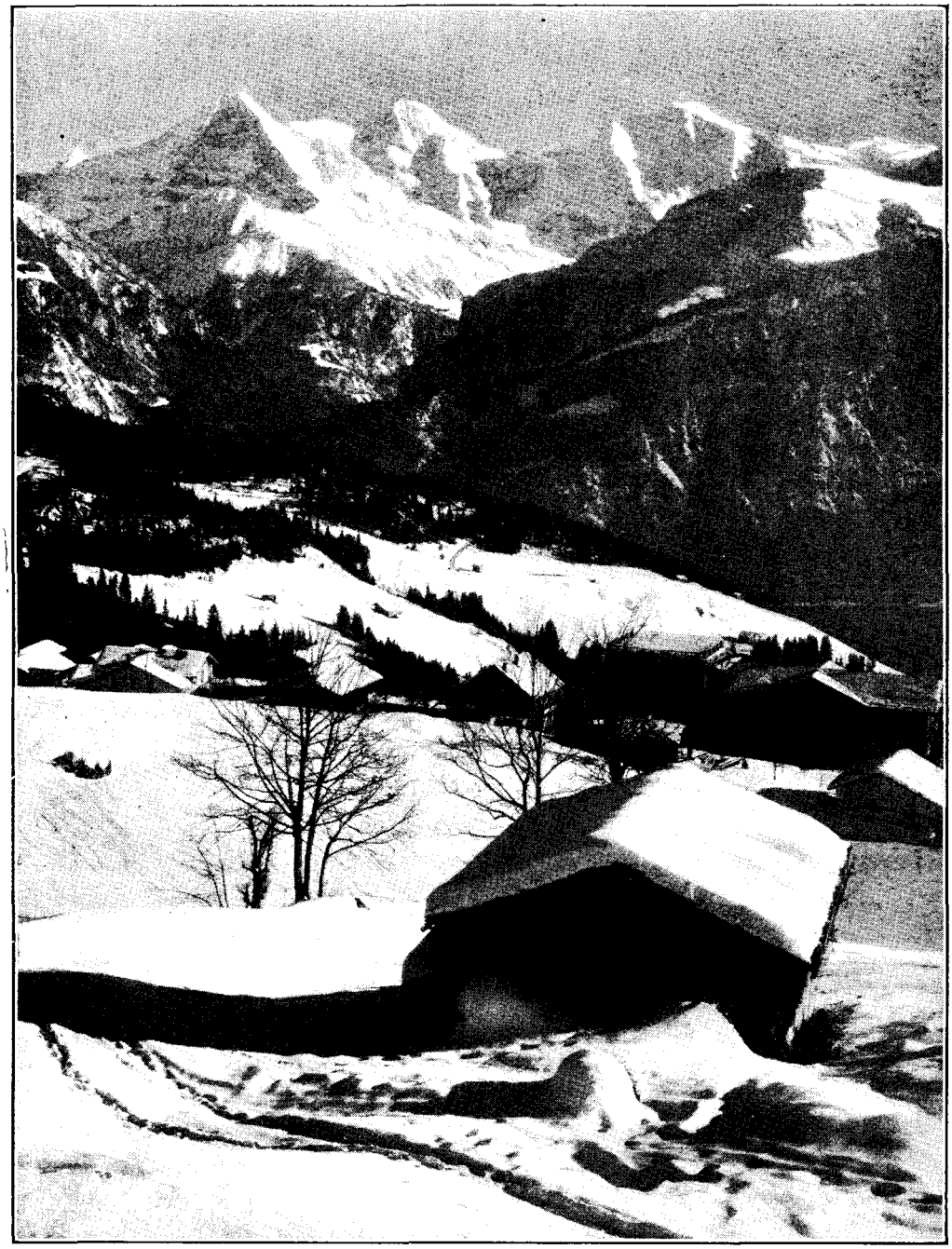
EUROPE'S WINTER PLAYGROUND



BEATENBERG, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF SWISS WINTER RESORTS

See editorial entitled " Winter Life in the Mountains "

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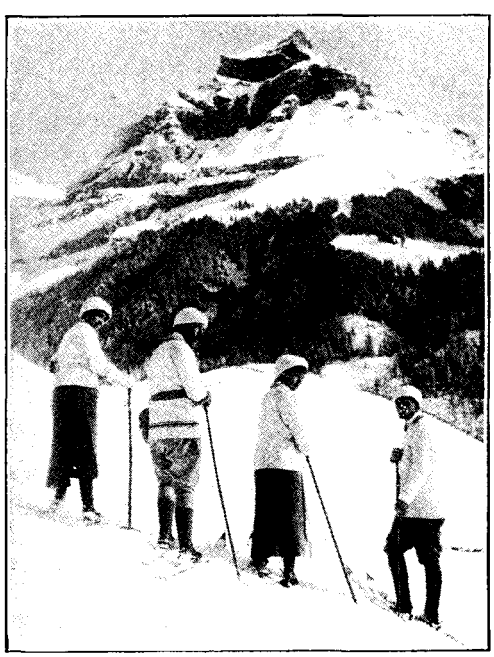
EUROPE'S WINTER PLAYGROUND

A SKI RACE IN AN ICE GYMKHANA AT ST. MORITZ, A FAMOUS SWISS RESORT FOR WINTER RECREATION

This kind of race, in which the man on skates does the work and the woman on skis holds the reins, is a very popular pastime, and draws great crowds of onlookers



A PARTY OF VACATIONISTS EQUIPPED FOR ENJOYABLE WINTER SPORT AT ENGELBERG, SWITZERLAND

COASTING IN A BOB-SLEIGH WITH AN AUTOMOBILE FRONT

This exciting sport has its risks in Switzerland as elsewhere

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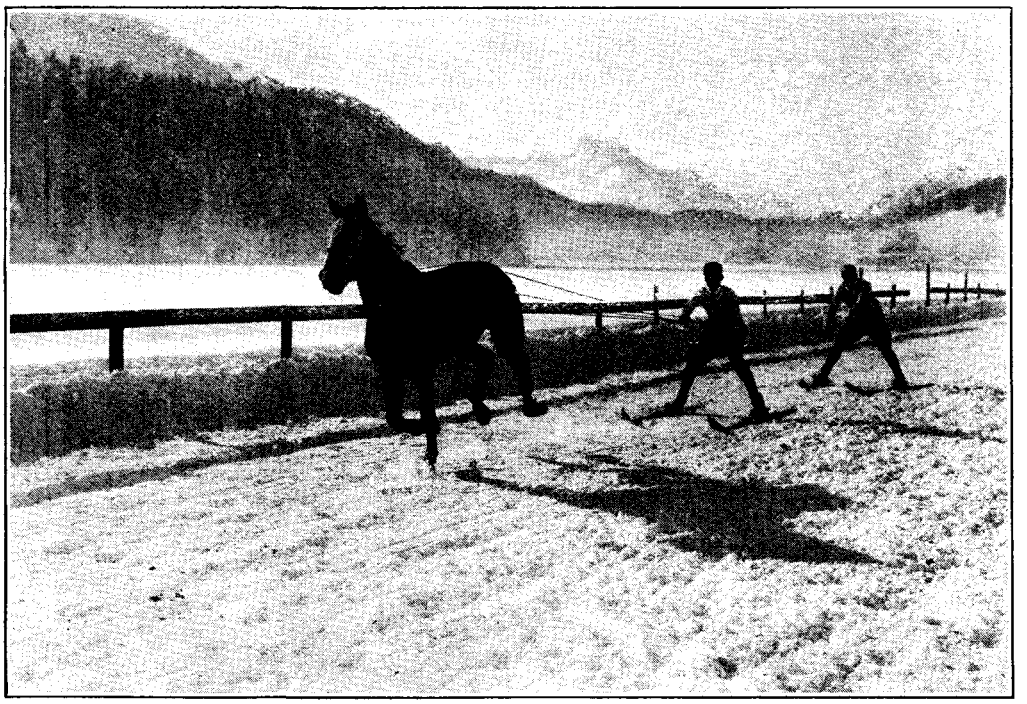
EUROPE'S WINTER PLAYGROUND



"SKI-KJÖRING" IS ONE OF THE NEWER DIVERSIONS AT THE SWISS WINTER RESORTS

This sport behind a spirited horse along the road is exciting. The drivers at times are placed in critical positions, but mishaps are usually harmless

CURLING IS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR AMUSEMENTS OF SWITZERLAND'S WINTER TOURISTS

That the curling-stone may reach the mark, after a delivery, the household broom plays a very important part in sweeping the surface clean of all obstructing particles

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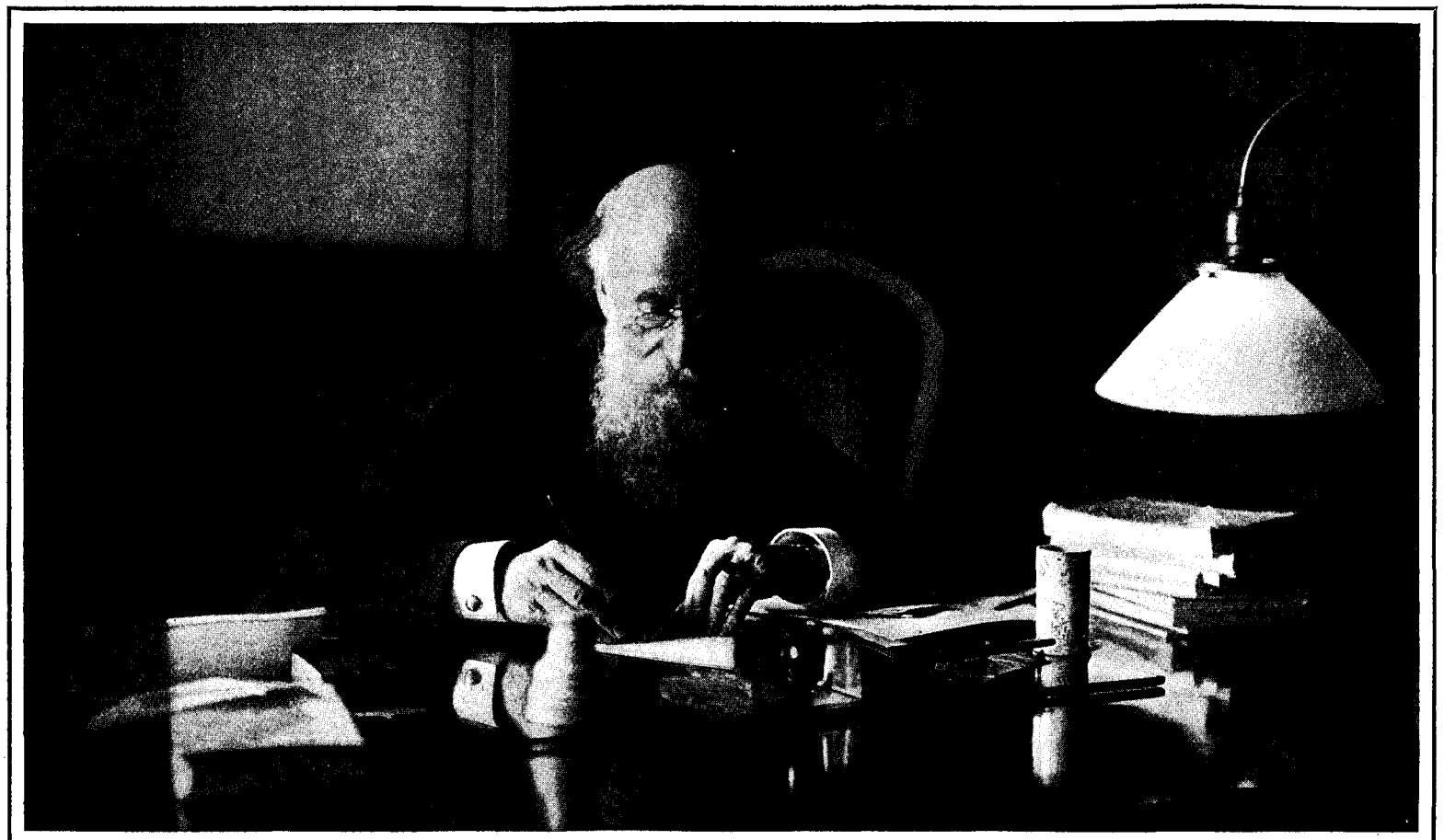

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. H. MOORE

LYMAN ABBOTT AT HIS DESK IN THE OUTLOOK OFFICE; PHOTOGRAPHED BY ONE OF HIS COLLEAGUES

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REMINISCENCES

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

EDITORIAL NOTE

When his colleagues first suggested to Dr. Abbott that he prepare his Reminiscences for The Outlook he hesitated before consenting, because he has never been accustomed to living in the past, but always in the present and the future. He consented only when persuaded that in this way he could interpret the times in which he has lived, and that his interpretation of the past might furnish his readers a key to both the present and the future. In order that his purpose might be perfectly clear he wrote a letter to his colleagues in which he stated that purpose as it lay in his own mind. This letter the editors of The Outlook have already given to its readers in full. It was published on the first two editorial pages of the issue for December 13, 1913. From that letter of Dr. Abbott's his colleagues here reprint the following sentences:

"I have not been in advance of the age, but I have moved with it, and generally in or near the front rank. I count myself, not to have been a leader discovering and teaching new truth, but an interpreter, with some understanding of the age in which I have lived and some capacity to interpret with clearness to itself the growing thought of the age, and to indicate the direction in which we have all, sometimes unconsciously, been moving. Whatever I write will have reference to the present and the future.

"By indicating the direction in which America has moved during the last fifty years I hope to do something to indicate to the coming generation the direction in which it may be expected to move in the next fifty years."

CHAPTER I

I INTRODUCE MYSELF TO MY READERS

THESE papers are reminiscences, not history. They lay no claim to accuracy. I have never kept a diary or journal. I have always been more interested in what is going to happen to-morrow than in what happened yesterday. I have stood in the bow forecasting the course, not in the stern watching the log. The reader will find few dates and many inaccuracies in these papers. They are simply a record of the impressions left on the mind of a man who has passed the threescore-years-and-ten as he endeavors to recall some of the personages and incidents of a somewhat busy but not adventurous life.

I am informed and believe that I was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the eighteenth day of December, 1835. He who is born in Boston never gets over it. Although I was born in Roxbury (then a distinct town, now a part of Boston), and although I was removed from Boston to Maine before I was three years old and have never returned to that city since except on occasional but frequent visits, and to get my bride twenty-two years later, Boston is still to me a kind of Puritan Mecca. There is no city quite like it; no river like the Charles; no park like the Boston Common; no lake like the frog pond; no Capitol like the Boston State House; no residential street like Commonwealth Avenue; no library quite equal to the old Athenæum; no public meeting-place comparable to Faneuil Hall.

Why my father gave up his prosperous school (of which more hereafter) and removed to Maine I do not know. I suspect his health had something to do with the change. If so, the five or six years which he spent writing his books in the morning and working like a day laborer on his grounds in the afternoon achieved his purpose. His wife's early letters contain many a reference to his unsatisfactory health conditions. As I knew my father, he was a hale and hearty man and always a vigorous worker.

It was quite characteristic of him to build his house on a piece of ground which few men would have taken as a gift. It was opposite his father's residence, ten acres

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or so in extent, lying at the foot of the hill leading up to Farmington village, which is in Franklin County, forty miles north of Augusta, the capital of the State of Maine. A big sand hill, a spur from the plateau on which the village was built, lay along the edge of this lot, with a break in it just large enough to furnish a level bit of ground for a house. A sluggish brook flowing through an oozy swamp lay back of this house plot, and the plateau lay beyond. My father put up a sign giving permission to any one to come in and get sand for building and other purposes, and, as this sand was of a fine quality, a continual procession of carts came and went, widening without cost to my father the too contracted ground about the house. The sandy knob which was left on one side of my father's house he partly turfed, partly sowed with grass seed; he planted trees; he made paths; and he built in his own carpenter shop wooden benches to serve as seats. To this knob he gave the title of Little Blue, naming it for Old Blue, one of the higher mountains of Maine, twenty miles away. He dug out the soil from the swamp, and it furnished him material for the transformation of the sand knob into a turf-clad and tree-clad hill perhaps fifty feet high. He built a dam and bridges and turned the oozy swamp into a pond and the sluggish brook into a musically running stream. The place became known throughout the surrounding country, by the title of its chief attraction, as "Little Blue;" it was thrown open to a welcomed public, and grew to be a kind of village park, a favorite recreation resort for the young folks, especially on Sunday evenings. My father had the faith of a natural democrat, and the events justified that faith. No names were carved upon the benches; the trees and shrubs were left uninjured; and there were neither flowers nor fruits to tempt beyond measure the cupidity of the visitors. Here at Little Blue we lived—my father, my mother, and my two elder brothers, and later a younger brother—until 1843. Then my mother died; the home was broken up; Little Blue was either rented or sold to my Uncle Samuel, who occupied it as a boarding-school; and my father, his health completely established by his avocation as a landscape gardener, went to New York City to open, with his three brothers, the Abbott School for Girls. It is at this time that my recollections begin. I describe them here as they pass before me, with no attempt to verify them and little attempt to classify them in chronological order.

My father, Jacob Abbott, has his city home in Morton Street, in that part of the present city then known as Greenwich Village. The school building is a mile away, on the corner of Houston and Mulberry Streets. It is a large square building. Was it once occupied as a Roman Catholic nunnery, I wonder? Or is that a myth of my childhood days? There is a large yard, something like a third of a block in extent, surrounded by a high brick wall. This yard is a playground for the girls. Here is erected a tall, strong pole ten or twelve feet high, with a six-armed wheel upon the top, like this ✲. A rope dangles from each arm, and on the lower end of the rope is a handle. The girls, half a dozen at a time, seize these handles and go flying round the pole, their feet touching the ground from time to time to keep the "run-about" a-going. It was a primitive attempt at feminine athletics, at a time when it was thought that to be pale and anæmic was to be interesting—for girls—and to be athletic was distinctly unfeminine. I have the notion that this simple machine, still in use in school playgrounds, was my father's invention, though I do not know. He was born to be an inventor. He did much of his writing, and I do much of mine, on the best writing tablet I have ever seen, one of his own construction, and unlike any other known to me.

The scene shifts. I have been very sick with scarlet fever. It has left me feeble, deaf, and subject to severe earaches. The modern method of treating the ear is unknown, and the only relief that I can get from this excruciating pain is the slight alleviation furnished by cotton dipped in laudanum and placed in the ear. There are doubtless more severe pains than the earache, but I have never suffered any pain comparable with it. I recall myself at night in my father's arms. He makes a bargain with me. He will tell me a story for fifteen minutes, then I am to lie still and let him sleep for fifteen minutes. So we get through the night together. Was this often or only once, I wonder? Was it wholly to give me what relief he could, and yet go on with his morrow's work? or was it to teach me to bear pain with such fortitude as I could summon, for the sake of serving another? I suspect that was in part his purpose, and the lesson was not wholly lost.

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Now I have gone back to Farmington and am in my Uncle Samuel's school in my old home. My hearing is restored, and although for some years the earaches return with every cold or careless exposure, the deafness never reappears. Opposite my uncle's school is my grandfather's home. I see myself sometimes in the school, sometimes in my grandfather's home. From this I judge that sometimes I lived at my grandfather's and went to school at Little Blue as a day pupil. The family consists of my grandfather, who was beloved of my boyhood; my grandmother, an invalid who I fancy had no use for noisy boys who forget to wipe their shoes when they come into the house and to shut the door when they pass through the room; and two aunts, an "old maid," Sallucia, and a widow, Clara. It is current report that Sallucia was named for two friends of her mother—Sally and Lucy. Connected with my Aunt Clara is one of those tragedies which occasionally make known to us the divine splendor of a character that would otherwise remain unknown. How long before my remembrance this tragedy occurred I cannot tell. I remember her only as a widow.

Her husband, Mr. Cutler, had been settled over a Congregational church near Bangor, Maine; was invited to preach in a Presbyterian church in Pennsylvania, I surmise as a "candidate," and accepted the invitation. Presently word came to my aunt by mail (the telegraph was unknown) that her husband was seriously ill. She instantly started on her journey to Pennsylvania, that she might nurse him. Arriving in New York in the morning, she went to the Abbott School to get her breakfast and make inquiries; asked of the maid at the door for Dr. Abbott, and was told in reply that he had gone to Pennsylvania to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law. Such was the way the news of her husband's death was given to her. She presently returned to her father's house to take up her broken life, resolved that her sorrow should never becloud other lives. And it never did. As a boy I must have heard this story, but never realized its meaning until the experience of later years enabled me to comprehend it. In college I made a fairly careful study of the "evidences of Christianity." But in no treatise I have ever read have I found such an evidence of Christianity as was furnished by the sunny life and sweet, joyous service of my Aunt Clara, a benediction and an inspiration to my own boyhood, and a benediction and an inspiration to my children when she came to make her home with me in the closing years of her luminous life. The cheerfulness of that life was not due to forgetfulness of the sorrow which she did not permit to shadow it. At eighty years of age she still kept hanging on the wall of her room, bringing it with her from Maine to New York, a little woodcut picture of the town in Pennsylvania where her husband died—a town which she had never seen. She once gave expression to her experience in a phrase which will be full of meaning to those who understand it, and absolutely meaningless to those who do not—"Joyful sorrow."

What sort of a man is my grandfather? A Puritan; but such a Puritan! That I have never shared the popular prejudice of our time against the Puritans is perhaps due to my delightful recollections of my grandfather. An authentic story of that time may serve to show that my veneration of him was shared by others. A layman who had never seen the interior of either a college or a theological seminary, but had taken to lay preaching in school-houses and rural churches, wished for ordination in order that he might administer the Lord's Supper and perform the marriage ceremony. Coming before a Congregational Council for examination as to his fitness to preach, he was asked: "What is your conception of God?" He hesitated a moment, then replied: "I conceive that he is some such person as Squire Abbott." It was a higher conception of God than I as a boy possessed. I revered both God and my grandfather; but I was very much afraid of God and I loved my grandfather.

My grandfather's house, opposite Little Blue, is a long, low, rambling dwelling with a little box of a hall from which we enter the parlor on the left and the sitting-room on the right. We have to pass through the sitting-room to get to the dining-room, through the dining-room to get to the kitchen, through the kitchen to get to the woodshed, through the woodshed to get to the carriage-house, through the carriage-house, I believe, to get to the barn, though my recollections of the barn are curiously indistinct. Out of the sitting-room goes a steep and narrow stairway, by which I climb to my bedroom under the roof. Just off the dining-room, and connected with it by another box of a hall, is my grand-

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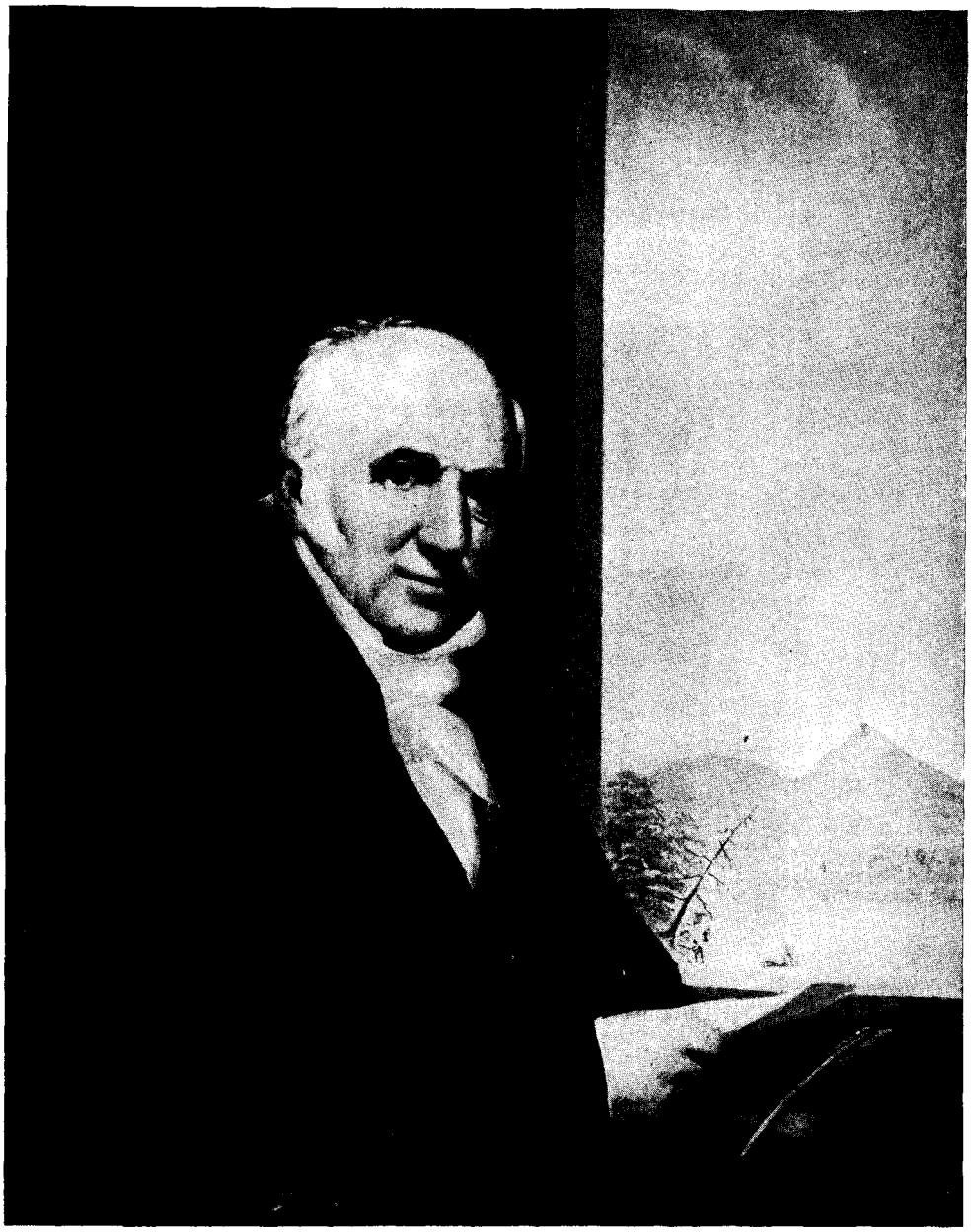

FROM A PAINTING

JACOB ABBOT

"My grandfather, who was beloved of my boyhood. A Puritan; but such a Puritan! . . . I revered both God and my grandfather; but I was very much afraid of God, and I loved my grandfather"

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FROM AN ENGRAVING

JACOB ABBOTT

"As I knew my father, he was a hale and hearty man and always a vigorous worker. . . . My father had the faith of a natural democrat. . . . He was born to be an inventor"

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father's office. In this office are some objects of my boyhood reverence—an old engraved portrait of Abbot, the Archbishop of Canterbury; an old coat of arms bearing the inscription, "By the Name of Abbot" (this was an early spelling of the name with one t, a spelling followed by my grandfather, so that he was Jacob Abbot, with one t, while my father was Jacob Abbott, with two t's); an old sword worn by my grandmother's father in the battle of Bunker Hill, in which he was a captain of a Colonial company; and a cane presented to my grandfather, I believe, by one of the farm hands in Weld, bearing, curiously and ingeniously carved, the inscription:

"Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound.
Content to breathe his native air
On his own ground.
Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire."

From this cane my father later derived the title which he gave to the old homestead—"Fewacres."

My ideas of my grandfather's business are very vague. He has, I believe, something to do with buying and selling timber lands. The house is heated by open fires and stoves, and the attic bedrooms are not heated at all. Hot-water bottles are unknown. There is a warming-pan; but it is reserved for invalids. Ugh! how cold it is going upstairs and getting between the cold sheets with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero outside! It is characteristic of my grandfather to forbid the children—my brothers are with me there at times—to go through the dining-room when the servants, man and maid, are at their meals. If we want to go to the kitchen or woodshed, we must go out of doors—a valuable lesson in consideration and courtesy to servants. Some other lessons of practical wisdom and counsel condensed by him into aphorisms have been invaluable guides to conduct in my after life. Three, particularly, I recall:

"Keep on the safe side of certainty."

"When you do not know what to do, do nothing."

"Let people have a good time their own way."

A lasting impression is also left on my mind by the big pictorial Bible which lay on the sitting-room table, in which a picture illustrating the text, "Why beholdest thou the mote which is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam which is in thine own eye?" Two men are portrayed standing face to face with a beam protruding from the eye of one of them. To the early impression produced by this picture I attribute in part my lifelong hostility to literalism in the interpretation of the Bible.

There is no running water in the house, and of course there are no bath-rooms. There is a well of delicious spring water just outside the kitchen, and water for washing is caught in hogsheads from the roof. I suppose these must have been breeding-places for mosquitoes, and yet, curiously enough, I do not at all connect mosquitoes with my grandfather's house. There are no screens in the windows. On Saturday nights we boys take our baths in the kitchen, in the movable washtubs. How the old folks took theirs I do not recall that I ever knew. They had their warmed bedrooms downstairs, which probably served their purpose. In the dining-room chimney is a big brick oven. On Saturday night hot coals are shoveled into this oven, and then the earthen crock of beans is put in and left there overnight. Here, too, is the brown bread baked—real brown bread, such as can never, apparently, be produced outside of New England, as real fried chicken cannot be produced outside the Southern States.

Now I am at Little Blue School opposite my grandfather's. Whether I was first at my grandfather's and then moved over to the school, or was first at the school, then moved over to my grandfather's, I have no idea. These reminiscences are like the impressions of a dream, and succeed each other without coherence or continuity.

There is an epidemic of animal magnetism, which in our day would be called hypnotism. It runs its brief course and then disappears, but for six weeks is a dominating fashion. There is one boy who is peculiarly susceptible to the influence, whatever it was, or is, and another boy who has peculiar power as an "operator." Often the victim gets pathetically angry when his tormentor, apparently without previous preparation, tells him what he must do and what he must not do, and he is powerless to resist. There is a young man from the village who is supposed by us boys to be a past-master in this curious art. Always desirous of investigating new phenomena

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and having a share in new experiences, I apply to this young man to operate on me, and I am quite ready to submit myself to his influence for the sake of finding out what it is. So I take my seat and obey his directions, while he makes the passes which are supposed to be needful to put me to sleep. Then he places his thumb on the bridge of my nose and tells me that I cannot open my eyes; this I instantly proceed to do and to look him serenely in the face. He turns from me with the contemptuous remark that I am not a good subject.

I never have been. I have passed through some exciting experiences in great congregations in revival meetings, and in great crowds that were not congregations and not remotely resembling revival meetings, and I have heard many fervid and famous orators; but I have never been swept off my feet by either orator or crowd; I have never lost my consciousness of self or my self-mastery. I wonder why it is. I am not conscious of being either especially strong willed or especially self-possessed. And, so far from having peculiar resisting power, I always wish to agree with my fellow-men if I can possibly find a way to do so without disagreeing with myself.

What did we study at Little Blue? I have no notion. I suppose we must have studied what boys study nowadays—grammar, spelling, writing, history, arithmetic. But I recall nothing of it at all. My first remembrance of grammar is my study of the Latin grammar at a later date, which gave me, so far as I now can see, whatever knowledge I possess of the *structure* of language. It is perhaps for that reason that I regret to see Latin dropped out of any curriculum. The English language is a composite, and has no architectural structure such as characterizes the Latin. I have a vague remembrance of declamation: "Marco Bozzaris," "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," and the like; and one poor boy who was struck with stage fright and never got beyond the first line without bursting into tears and retiring in disgrace. I remember thinking even then, with some indignation, that punishing him for his failure was a very poor way to cure him of his fright.

Modern games were either absolutely or relatively unknown. There was no lawn tennis; and, as I remember it, neither baseball nor football. "Two old cat" and "three old cat" were common, but I judge that I never made a success at any game of ball, since the sobriquet "butter fingers" was given to me. I could keep in or near the front line in a boyish race; and I had some success in wrestling, not by reason of any muscular strength, but because I was spry and slippery. I never owned a gun, and I have not yet quite got over my boyhood feeling, probably derived from my guardians, that a gun is not a boy's toy. This impression is confirmed by an incident in my oldest son's life. He went, at the age of thirteen, to spend the summer of 1872 with my father and my two aunts, Sallucia and Clara. Before he went his grandfather sent him a paper which he was to sign, containing certain conditions to which he was to agree, in order to be admitted to "Fewacres University." Among these conditions was the following: "He is not to go gunning with anybody, since Aunts Sallucia and Clara, though very capable persons in *some respects*, are not properly qualified to take care of a boy with a charge of shot in his side or with half his face blown away." I never learned to box and never had muscle enough to learn. Later, in college, I took some fencing lessons, and have always regretted that they were unavoidably discontinued.

Among the impressions which my school life left upon me was one, insignificant in itself, but significant in its effect. One Sunday afternoon, as we boys were starting for church, in putting on my overcoat I threw it over my head, struck a vase upon the mantelpiece and dashed it to the floor, shattering it into a hundred pieces. The disaster which I had caused would probably have been sufficient of itself to prevent a repetition of that particular form of carelessness. The teacher, who would simply have rebuked me if my heedless act had done no damage, sent me to my bed to reflect for the afternoon and the night upon the enormity of the crime, which was enormous only because of the disaster which followed it. I knew then, as I know now, that I was punished, not for what I did, but for the *consequences* of what I did. I have never got over the sense of the injustice of that act. Perhaps I ought to be grateful to my teacher, though I am not, for teaching me the lesson and preventing me in after life, when I had children of my own, from measuring their conduct by the consequences which flowed from it, not by the motives which inspired it.

My favorite sport from my earliest recol-

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lections was trout fishing. There was an occasional trout in my father's brook. Two miles across the hills was a larger and much better brook, with a cascade, at the foot of which was a pool where one might always see a trout, though not always catch him. But the joy of life was Alder Brook, twelve or fifteen miles away. To drive over the hills to this brook, build a rude camp, sleep on boughs, cook our meals, and come back with a hundred brook trout apiece was an experience to look forward to with eagerness and back upon with rejoicing memory. But this was later, when, with my brothers, I came from college to Farmington for my summer vacation.

We made our own fish-lines, twisting and double-twisting and triple-twisting the silk, ganged on the hooks, bought the long bamboo poles and cut them up, and out of them made our own jointed fishing-rods. We always cleaned our fish ourselves. It was the law of the sport that our fun should not make work for others which we ourselves could do. Whether this law was imposed on us by my wise Aunt Clara or was self-imposed I do not know. I am sure, whoever suggested it, we gladly accepted the suggestion and made it our own, and that we enjoyed our sport the more because it cost but little to any one else. The fishing was not with flies but with worms dug from the garden, or, if the supply of worms ran short, with grasshoppers. This recalls one of the fishing stories with which we were accustomed to enliven our conversation on the trip:

John, John, where you're going?
Fishin'.
What you got in your mouth?
Worms for bait.

It is with some hesitation that I turn from these reminiscences of my childhood life to recall my impressions of my childhood personality. A man's judgment of himself is rarely accurate; still less so his judgment of what he was as a boy. For it is the unusual experiences that remain in his memory, and it is the usual experiences which interpret his character.

What I see, as I look back through the more than threescore years to the dim mental photograph left in my mind of myself, is a feeble boy, somewhat under the average in height, very much under the average in weight and strength, fairly good in swimming, skating, climbing, and tramping, but quite unable to hold his own in the rougher sports of the boys, somewhat solitary, somewhat a recluse, and naturally timid. And yet I could not have been quite a coward, for I remember, even now with a curious sense of pride, that when a big bully of a boy (probably not so much of a brute as I now imagine him to have been) hectored me beyond endurance, I challenged him to a fight, and we retired behind the barn, with a small group of boys as onlookers, and fought a fisticuff duel. Doubtless I got much the worse of our encounter, for I cannot conceive that my fist would have hurt anything much bigger than a house-fly, but at least I won his respect, and the bullying stopped. I have never been for peace-at-any-price as a man, and I was not as a boy.

My impressions of my feebleness of physique is borne out by some of my mother's letters, which indicate that I was both a delicate and an active child from the cradle. One extract from a letter dated April, 1838, when I was two years and a half old, may serve to indicate something of both my health and my temperament:

> Our little Lyman has been more delicate since his illness, subject to a cough which occasions care and anxiety, mostly because it has increased his former difficulties. The Dr. still encourages us to look for an entire cure, but says he will need all a mother's watchfulness for two years or more, and must not be allowed all the liberty he desires in exercises, such as walking, running, etc. He is such an active child that it is difficult to restrain him, but he seems at times, from his sufferings, to be fully conscious that he cannot do all he wants.

This chapter would be wholly inadequate without a picture, be it ever so fragmentary, of the religious influences which surrounded me in my childhood and their effect upon my religious character.

Every one went to church—every one with the exception of two or three families whom I looked upon with a kind of mysterious awe, as I might have looked upon a family without visible means of support and popularly suspected of earning a livelihood by counterfeiting or some similar lawless practice. The church itself was an old-fashioned brick Puritan meeting-house, equally free from architectural ornament without and from decoration within. The pews had been painted white; for some reason the paint had not dried, and the congregation, to protect their garments, had spread down upon the seats and backs of the pews newspapers, generally religious. When the paint at length dried the newspapers were pulled off, leaving the

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impression of their type reversed, and I used to interest myself during the long sermon in trying to decipher the hieroglyphic impressions. There was neither Sunday-school room nor prayer-meeting room. The Sunday-school was held in the church, and the parson at prayer-meeting took a seat in a pew about the center of the building, put a board across the back of the pews to hold his Bible and his lamp, and sat, except when speaking, with his back to the congregation. A great wood stove at the rear, with a smoke-pipe extending the whole length of the room to the flue in front, furnished the heat—none too much of it on cold winter days. Plain and even homely as was this meeting-house, associations have given to it a sacredness in my eyes which neither Gothic arch nor pictured window could have given to it. My grandfather was largely instrumental in constructing it. In its pulpit each of his five sons preached on occasions. One of them acted as its pastor for a year or more. A grandson and a great-grandson of his were here baptized. My earliest recollections of public worship and of Sunday-school teaching are associated with it. We four brothers have each at times played the organ in connection with its service of sacred song. My brother Edward and myself were both ordained to the Gospel ministry within its walls, and in its pulpit preached some of our first sermons. The church still exists, a flourishing organization, but the meeting-house was destroyed by fire in 1886, and its place has been taken by a more modern structure.

The minister in my boyhood was understood by me—where I got the information I do not know—to have a salary of $300 a year, on which, having no children, he lived comfortably and out of it saved something to leave behind him when he died. Ministerial changes were infrequent. He came to Farmington directly from the theological seminary, and he remained there throughout his life. He had a face which was capable of great expressiveness, and would have made his fortune as a comic actor. When during my college days my brothers and I jointly wrote "Conecut Corners: A Novel of New England Life," we put his face in the book, giving it to Deacon Fickson. But Parson Rogers had none of the qualities of Deacon Fickson except the face; for he was as good as he was homely—which is saying a great deal. Two other characters in the prayer-meeting I particularly remember—one who always on Sunday wore knee-breeches, and who was as hostile to the use of any hymns in church but those of Isaac Watts as would be an old Scotch Covenanter to anything but the Psalms of David; the other, good Deacon Hunter, who always addressed the Deity in his prayers either as "Kind Parent" or "Indulgent Parent."

Parson Rogers's sermons I do not remember, from which I conclude that I did not listen to them. But his long prayer was always interesting. For in it he told the congregation, through his address to the Almighty, the village news with great particularity. That prayer served all the purposes of a local newspaper. From it we learned of those who during the preceding week had been married, who were sick, who had died, who had gone a journey, who had gone to college or come back from college. All were remembered before "the throne of grace." And as no names were mentioned, the interest was enhanced by the opportunity afforded us for guessing. The prayer after the sermon made up in its brevity for the length of the prayer before, and always ended with the same refrain, in which the words were run together in the utterance as they are here run together in the type—"Andbringsustogetherin theafterpartofthedaybetterfittedforthyservice thanweeveryethavebeenAmen."

It was before the days of church organs—at least of reed organs—in rural communities. The music was furnished by a volunteer choir and an orchestra—a 'cello, called by us a bass-viol, two violins, and a flute. When the hymn was sung we rose, turned around and faced the choir, with our backs to the pulpit. After service the congregation stopped, in summer weather, in the churchyard for a chat; the farmers discussing the crops, the women, I suppose, the village news—it was their one social interchange of the week—while we children remained within for Sunday-school. I wonder if I ever learned anything at that Sunday-school. I am by no means sure, and yet I remember my teacher with mingled feelings of reverence and affection. The school over, we hurried home to a cold luncheon and back again to a second service, which must be finished in time to let the men in the congregation get home to milk the cows. After service, when I lived at my grandfather's, my two brothers and I walked up into the pasture opposite the house, a walk which is one of the pleasantest of my childhood recollections, capped, however,

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by one other—our Sunday evenings, when we gathered about my mother's organ in the sitting-room for a Sunday evening singing, each member of the group selecting his hymn in turn, our service generally ending with the hymn

"Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days."

I do not suppose that my grandfather could have been induced to use a prayer-book at family prayers. But long custom had produced a prayer so uniform that his daughter after his death was able to write out part of it from memory, and I have recently found it in some old family records. "Father's prayer," she writes, "was repeated daily at family worship. There was some slight variation to distinguish morning from evening and Sabbath from a week day." The introductory sentence may suffice here to suggest the character of the whole; "O Thou Great Creator, eternal, original Author of all real blessings, Thou great First Cause and Last End of all things—we, Thy unworthy servants, come into Thy presence this morning, clothed with humility, with reverence and godly fear—believing that Thou art a rewarder of all such as diligently seek Thee, and we humbly ask the same blessings for others which we diligently seek for ourselves." If this prayer indicates in the petitioner reverence and "godly fear," his farewell address to the Sunday-school, after five years and four months' service as assistant superintendent and as superintendent, no less indicates his practical piety. The following sentence from this address might profitably be printed on a card and hung over the superintendent's desk in every Sunday-school room and impressed on every teacher: "All our knowledge of the Scriptures must be in order to practice—for this is the end of all divine revelation—that we may do all the work of God's law." It has been interesting to me to discover, and it is a happiness to me here to acknowledge, my indebtedness in part to my Puritan grandfather for my lifelong conviction that theoretical theology is valuable only as it bears on the practical conduct of life.

Decidedly my impression of the Puritan Sabbath is a pleasant one. But this is partly perhaps because I early formed, quite unconsciously, the habit of both remembering and anticipating the pleasant things. Professor Bergson has shown us that there is no present time; what we call the present is only a threshold across which we pass from the past to the future. It is in that past and that future that we really live. And he who will habitually recall the pleasant experiences and anticipate pleasant experiences can do much to make his life a pleasant one, whatever the present may seem to him to be. If my caustic friend replies to this suggestion that he does not wish to live in a fool's paradise, I rejoin that I would rather live in a fool's paradise than in a fool's purgatory.

My religious experience was not, however, by any means always pleasant. I suppose all children create a theology of their own. My theology, as I taught it to myself, was something like this:

"You are a sinner, under divine condemnation. Your sins have separated you from God. They have also separated you from the men and women you most revere and admire: from Deacon Hunter, and your Aunt Clara, and your grandfather, and your father in New York, and your mother in heaven. To be like them you must have a conviction of sin; you must first feel very sorry because you are a sinner, then very glad because you have been forgiven; and then you can begin to be a Christian."

I do not know where I got this theology. Certainly not from my father, for the "Young Christian," which he had written before I was born, was the first book to lead me out of this tangle. Certainly not from my Aunt Clara or my grandfather; if I had gone to either of them, they would have set me right. But I was too shy; and as to going to Parson Rogers, he was too far removed from me to be a father confessor. So I worked at the problem by myself. In the evening twilight, when the dusk was gathering and the melancholy frogs were croaking, I used to go to my bedroom and try to think of all the wicked things I had done during the day, and, as that was not enough, of my mother in heaven and my father in New York, and of myself, a lonely, homeless, outcast boy, in the vain hope that conviction of sin would come. But it never came. The truth is, I was a fairly conscientious little boy; I had not committed any great sins: I was very far from being an outcast; and, though I thought I ought to believe that every one disapproved me, I knew they didn't, and I was too honest with myself to make believe. I could never get any further than to be sorry because I was not sorry. I had no pack on my

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back to sink me in the Slough of Despond, and it never occurred to me that I could get to the Wicket Gate without it. It was all so curiously childish that to me it now has a certain humorous side. But it was tragedy then. Nor did I get that more natural conception of religion which I have ever since been trying to give my fellow-men till ten years or so later. To this day, when I hear teachers insisting upon the necessity of supernatural religion, they recall to me this boyhood experience, and I always want to put in a protest in favor of a religion that is wholly natural.

And yet religion was not always a dread to me. For one of my great ambitions was to be a minister, and one of my favorite childish vocations was preaching. I see myself now, a pale-faced, anæmic, slim chap of ten or eleven, with all the appearance but none of the habits of an ascetic, preaching to a congregation of empty chairs, with my brothers at the opposite end of the sitting-room, practicing as a choir. For the only condition on which they would attend the service was that they might practice while I preached, and to that compromise I had to consent. This was quite orthodox. For I have since learned that choirs often pay no more attention to the preaching than my brothers paid to mine, and preachers no more attention to the music than I paid to theirs. But my religion was sometimes more serious. When, a little later, I went to the school of another uncle in Connecticut, my best friend there was an Episcopalian. Together we arranged "family prayers" in our bedroom, our two other mates joining with us. Sometimes we read prayers from the Book of Common Prayer, sometimes I offered an extempore prayer. This was about the time the Young Men's Christian Association was born, but some years before it had appeared on this side of the water.

In 1846 my oldest brother, Benjamin Vaughan, entered the New York University; a year later he was followed by my next oldest brother, Austin, exactly four years my senior, for we were born on the same day four years apart. About the same time I was transferred from my Uncle Samuel's school in Farmington to my Uncle Charles's school in Norwich, Connecticut, where my preparation for college was completed. My grandfather and grandmother had both died, and I imagine my father wished me nearer him at his city home. But the home of my aunts at Farmington continued to be my home during my vacations until I was married in 1857.

The next chapter in Dr. Abbott's Reminiscences will describe New York City as he knew it in the middle of the last century, in contrast with the New York City of to-day.—THE EDITORS.

HEART OF YOUTH

BY ODELL SHEPARD

Down in the dark battalions of the strong-heart fighting men
There is a place appointed unto me.
They are few. The foe is many. But shall I falter, then?
I may haply turn defeat to victory!
I will go forth to the fighting with a rapture at my heart
And my gaze set hard against a goodly goal;
Not boastfully, nor hoping to play a hero's part
But to battle for the honor of my soul.

Give me labor, give me battle, give me more and more of life,
For I have youth and faith and love to give.
Let me die, so it be nobly, at the red heart of the strife,
If to die be better service than to live.
Give to me the thick of conflict where the strong men do their work
And the weary world's hard victories are won.
Give to me the strong man's burden, lest my spirit learn to shirk,
And a fitting foe to spend my strength upon.

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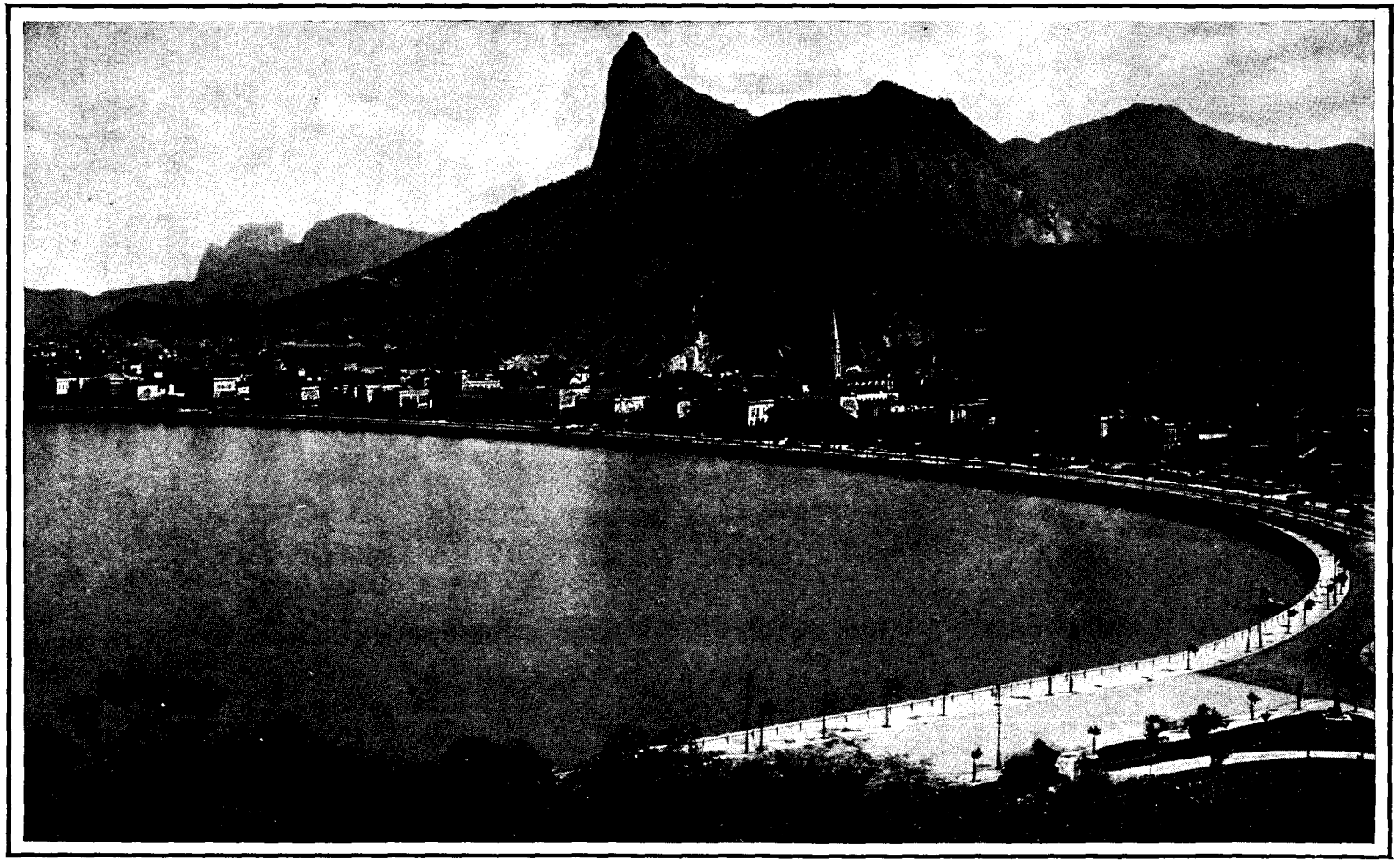

THE MAGNIFICENT HARBOR OF RIO DE JANEIRO

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IN RIO DE JANEIRO[1]

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE FOURTH ARTICLE IN THE SERIES ABOUT SOUTH AMERICA

THROUGHOUT Brazil I was received both by the people generally and by the Government with a cordial generosity that was meant to be taken as an earnest of genuine good will for the United States. I was much impressed by the character of the men at the head of public affairs —both by their intellectual ability and by their sober force and earnestness. In Rio I called on and was received by the Senate, the Chamber of Deputies, and the Supreme Court. It was a handicap and a source of sincere regret to me that I could not speak either Portuguese or Spanish. Some of the men I met spoke and understood English. Many of them spoke and understood French. All were most courteous and forbearing as regards my linguistic shortcomings, and I was able to get much of enjoyment and of profit out of the various conversations.

It is often said that in order that we of the United States may understand and get on with our neighbors to the south of us we must realize that there is a fundamental difference between us and them in ideals and habits of thought and ways of life. Doubtless this is true to a degree. Every nation has its own special peculiarities and special points of difference from even the most closely allied of other nations. But I must confess that in my brief stay in South America so far what has most vividly and deeply impressed me has been, not the points of difference, but the points of unity with my hosts. As soon as we got below mere conversational banalities we were almost certain to strike matters of real consequence at which they and I looked from the same standpoint. I certainly felt very much at home with my hosts, and they were courteous enough to act as if they felt at home with me. They were as energetically and intelligently interested in business development as our own people. They were as much interested in governmental efficiency and honesty. They were as patriotic and as proud of their country.

I was greatly struck by the ability and cultivation of most of the men whom I met who are leaders in public life and in the other activities of the community. I was also struck by the fact that in so many of the essentials—the "fundamentals," as Cromwell would have called them—their ideals were the same as those of our best men at home. For example, they are quite as alive as we are to the need of developing a genuine patriotism. They realize that no man can be of any use in the world if for this patriotism he substitutes a washy internationalism. One phase of this patriotic thought is full appreciation of the fact that any man who seeks to give artistic or literary expression to achievement can do it with most efficiency if he works in accordance with his own national ideals and by preference in his own country. The men who best expressed the new spirit in Brazil showed a cordial desire to see Brazil learn from foreign countries, together with a no less determination of purpose that everything brought in should be, not copied, but changed and adapted to meet the genius of the Brazilian people and the peculiar needs of Brazil itself. They felt that mere copying of foreign models rarely amounted to much, although the study of foreign models for adaptation and inspiration is often indispensable. They felt that the Brazilian painter or poet who moved to Paris usually lost all power of doing the kind of work which he might have done if he had stayed at home, and at the same time never became anything more than a fourth-rate foreigner. They believed that the Brazilian should be a Brazilian, and not a *réchauffé* Frenchman or other foreigner. I need hardly say that I heartily agree with these views. A little can be done by wealthy Americans for the cause of art by importing the pictures of old masters and by endowing students who go abroad to study—but only a little; even supposing that in this way more good can be done than I am willing to admit, it is nothing compared to the good that would be done if these men would spend their wealth in creating and endowing an art school in

[1] Mr. Roosevelt's first article on Rio de Janeiro appeared in The Outlook of December 20 last.—THE EDITORS.

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A DOORYARD IN PETROPOLIS, A SUBURB OF RIO DE JANEIRO

America, to which the best foreign teachers would be brought, but wherein men would of necessity learn to work in their own atmosphere, with their own traditions, and among their own surroundings. We in the United States have done good work in architecture, but never when we have merely copied foreign models instead of adapting them to our own uses. There are few more ridiculous and lamentable sights than certain houses of American multimillionaires, perfect and entirely servile imitations of French châteaus or other European buildings pitchforked down into some mountain solitude, or else jammed against one another in Newport, with no earthly relation of any kind, sort, or description to anything whatever either in the life of the owners or the history of the surroundings. There are styles of architecture of our own which it would be well indeed for artists of genuine taste, ability, and originality to develop. Such seemingly unpromising material as the American farm-house has been developed into beautiful and characteristic buildings, as witness, for instance, the house of the Popes, near Farmington in Connecticut. Some of our railway stations, our big bridges, our mercantile buildings, our sky-scrapers in the mass, and some of our libraries, are eminently satisfactory—especially when the artist has the sense even in minor matters to use American material, as when for decorative purposes he uses the bison or bison's head instead of that beast of outworn and threadbare conventionality the lion.

I was not a little impressed to find that some at least of the judges of the highest national court in Brazil understood my attitude toward the American judiciary more clearly than is seemingly the case with many American judges. They all realized that the judge-made laws to which I objected were nine times out of ten judge-made laws devised by great corporation lawyers. They understood thoroughly that I was dealing not with the exercise of the judicial function at all, but with the exercise by the courts of purely legislative functions, functions which I was assured the Brazilian Court was particularly anxious to avoid. I expressed my real gratification and surprise at finding that they so clearly understood the purpose of the new movement in America so far as it affected the judiciary. They clearly understood that I was really seeking to perpetuate, and not to abolish, the influence of the courts, and that I did not even desire to "reduce" the judges to the level at which they were in all other countries save the United States, but to continue to utilize their extraordinary powers in the only possible safe and permanent way by permitting them to exercise their legislative functions subject to review by the people themselves. I wish that the great corporation lawyers and their clients, who are the backbone of the opposition to this proposal, would realize that the courts can keep their

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very great power only on condition of not trying to make this power absolute and arbitrary. If they will consent not to insist on arbitrary and irresponsible power, they can still keep very great power; but if they grasp at too much, they will be in danger of losing all, and of ultimately awakening such hostility that in the revolt against what they have done that is arbitrary and reactionary they will be deprived not only of the power they have abused, but also of power which it is well that they should be allowed to keep. The speaker who made the address of welcome to me put the matter clearly when he said that while a question of simple *justice* ought not to be decided by popular vote, yet the determination as to what *laws* were necessary was peculiarly a question for the decision of the majority of the people.

The great majority of the members of the administration and of the Supreme Court and of the men of the highest rank in all departments of life in Brazil are of pure white blood. A percentage, however, have some Indian blood in their veins, and are very proud of the fact—as they ought to be, and as is now the case in Oklahoma, for instance. One delightful Senator whom I met, General Pinheiro Machado, a man of power, both physical and intellectual, a ranchman from the southernmost province of Brazil, came in this category. This man was a fine fellow, lithe, sinewy, eagle-faced, who had in the past shown himself to be a formidable fighting soldier, and who, I was told, was now one of the two or three most influential statesmen and politicians in Brazil. He had never been out of Brazil, and, although a rich ranch-owner, had in his youth led the life of the *gauchos*—the wild cattle-herders, the cowboys of South America. These *gauchos* made a somewhat wild and lawless, but a bold, hardy, and patient type, and I was genuinely sorry to learn that the breed was tending to die out—the statesman in question informing me that he himself was almost "the last of the *gauchos*." The President likewise has Indian blood in his veins—precisely as has been the case within my own knowledge with three or four of the members of the United States Senate.

PHOTOGRAPH BY F. HARPER

THE ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE GUANABARA, LOOKING DOWN THE AVENUE

A traveler passing hastily through a country, even though, as in my case, he has unusual opportunities for observation, can do little more than record his impressions. Yet these impressions sometimes have a value of their own. I was assured on every hand that Brazil is a real democracy. There is universal suffrage, and the people as a whole take a keen and intelligent interest in the working of their government. Moreover, it certainly seems that they are less apt to be misled than portions of our own electorate by appeals made in the name of democracy which really have nothing whatever to do with democracy. Again and again in the United States we have seen constituencies

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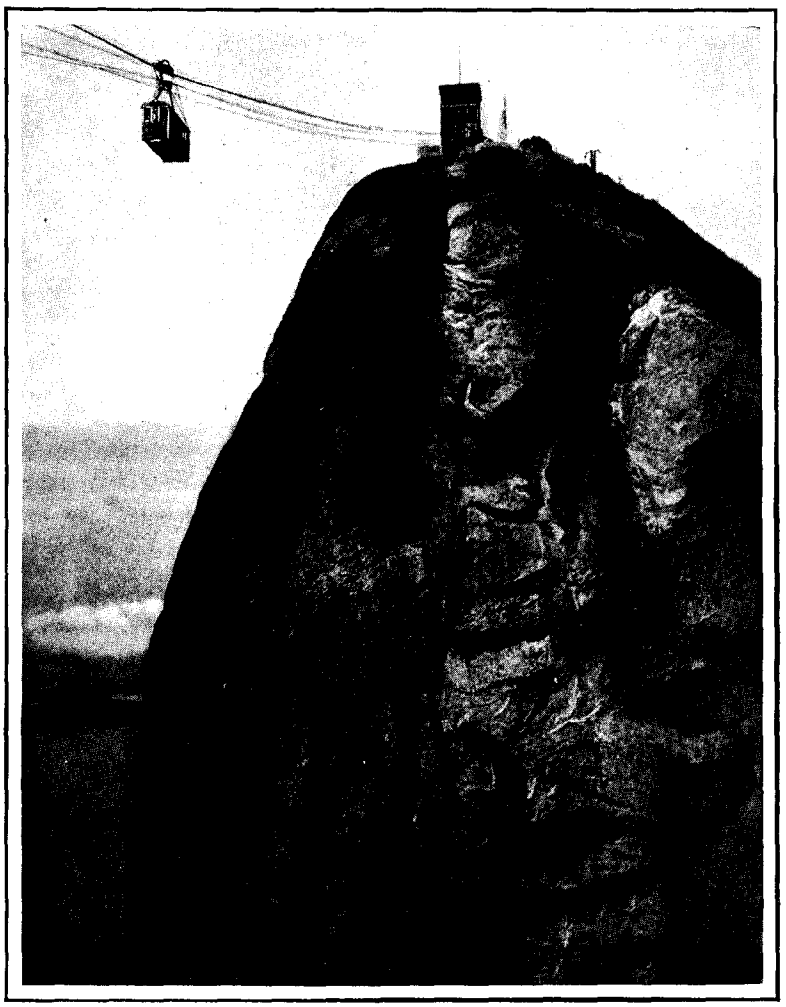

THE REMARKABLE SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN AT RIO DE JANEIRO

which elected some man because he refused to wear a cravat, or did not wear socks, or went without a collar. I was assured that in Brazil any effort to curry favor with the people by antics of this kind would merely excite derision. If a man were a very able man, then he might be pardoned an idiosyncrasy of a laughable character; but he would be lost if for a moment he was believed to be affecting such conduct under the impression that it showed that he "sympathized with the people." A few of the public men I met were men of good private fortune, although of course not rich men in the sense that our multimillionaires are rich. Most of them were men of moderate means. They were not only very courteous, and obviously on the whole cultivated, but they showed an innate refinement that made it a pleasure to meet them.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Lauro Müller, widely known to our people by his visit to the United States last summer, is of German parentage. I can perhaps give the best idea of him by saying that as a statesman and man of the world he reminds me more of the late John Hay than does any other public man of any country. Yet Mr. Müller's grandfather was an ordinary peasant immigrant who worked with ax, pick, and shovel, and his father was a small shopkeeper (I repeat this with his consent). The future Foreign Minister began in a store at $8 a month, and his career has been just such as that of the men who because of their careers we like to think of as typical of the United States. He studied at night, he attracted the attention of his employer by the excellence of his work, he managed to

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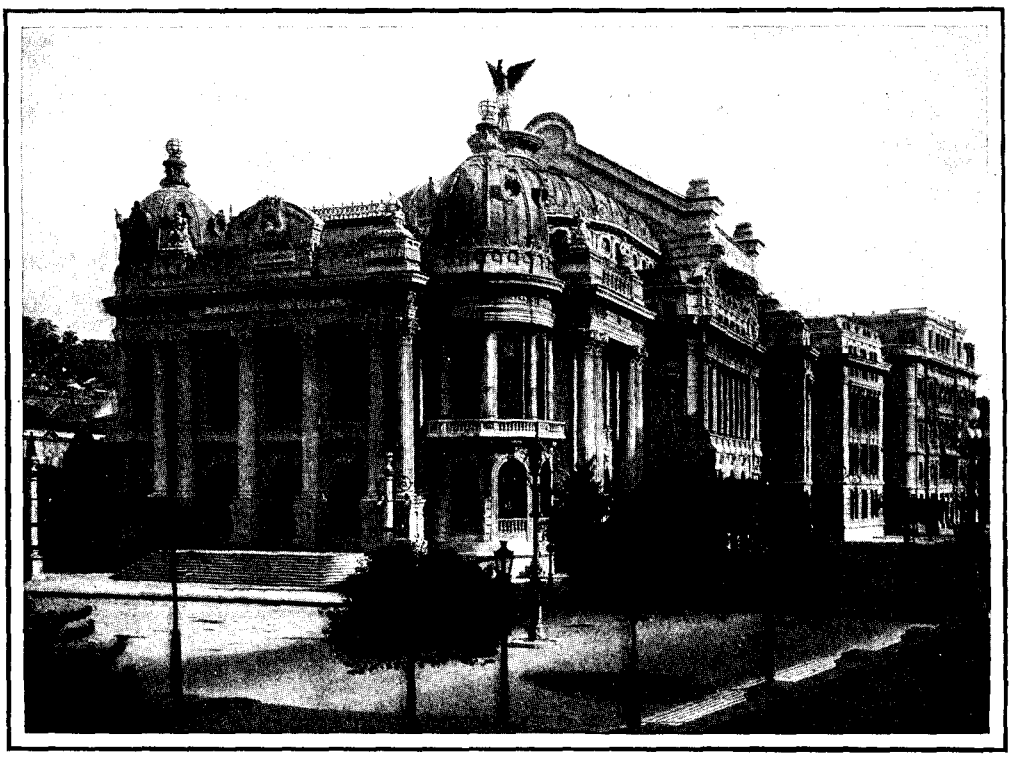
get admitted to a military school, and did so well in it that he secured a commission in the army, and became colonel of engineers before he went into civil life. He is as enlightened and progressive, as energetic and capable a public servant—in short, as useful a public servant—as we can show in all the United States.

Throughout my stay in Rio I had detailed to me as aides Colonel Pederneiras, of the Brazilian army, and Lieutenant Moreira, of the Brazilian navy. The Colonel is now the head of a smokeless powder factory modeled on the best factories in our own country. The Lieutenant is a graduate of the Brazil Naval School, which in its turn has been modeled on Annapolis—for whereas in the days of the Empire Brazil was apt to look to England for example, so during the days of the Republic she has been apt to look to the United States both in matters governmental and in matters industrial. Intellectually France has always been the model in Brazil, and my experience leads me to believe that among most of her people of all classes, ranging from statesmen and scientists to young girls, French books are even more commonly read than Portuguese. I visited the Naval School, and was immensely struck by the personnel and equipment. Evidently the training is good. As for my two aides, I need only say that I felt that they were like the best of the men in our own services—and to those who know the United States army and navy as well as I do there can be no higher praise.

I feel that I ought to keep a check upon myself so as not to be overenthusiastic, and I am writing after only a brief experience. Yet, looking at things as coolly as possible, I do find it difficult not to use superlatives when I deal with the beauty and healthfulness of the surroundings of this city, the cleanliness and the progressive spirit of the city itself, and the charm and power of the public men I met. The immense strides that have been made both in private business and in actual public business of the practical type, such as the turning of Rio into a modern and in most respects a model great capital, impressed me more than I can well say.

It has been said that Brazil has not developed a national type. I do not agree with this view. Doubtless the type is not as clearly fixed as in the United States; and



THE MUNICIPAL THEATER AT RIO DE JANEIRO

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THE PALACE GUANABARA AT RIO DE JANEIRO

equally without doubt, as in the United States and in every other country which is growing, the type itself tends to change. But the change is due to growth, and does not mean any break in continuity. There is a well-marked Brazilian type, the foundation of which is the old Portuguese stock modified by three centuries of colonial existence and one century of freedom. The great European immigration of the last few decades, which is mainly from the Latin countries, but which has also included Germans and Slavs, has modified this type, but has not fundamentally changed it. The sons of these immigrants become Brazilians precisely as the sons of the immigrants to the United States become Americans. They lose their separate languages and fuse. This applies as much to the German and English immigrants as to the children of the Portuguese, Italians, French, and Spanish immigrants. There is nothing more absurd than to talk of the possibility of any European power obtaining possession of any portion of Brazil. The sons of the immigrants from the very nation itself would be the first to take up arms on behalf of Brazil against that nation. I met men of high position who were the sons or grandsons of Germans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Spaniards. All were Brazilians and nothing but Brazilians. All conform to the national type, though doubtless each strain has contributed something of value to that national type, exactly as has been the case in the United States.

Altogether it is impossible for the observer to visit Rio de Janeiro without being struck by the extraordinary progress that has been made of recent years. The city is one of the most beautiful, attractive, and healthy of all the great capitals of the world. The other cities in the country districts are following in its wake. Brazil is throbbing with the energy of a new life. The only possible threat to this new life and to the immense progress accompanying it would come from disorder and turbulence—that is, from any outbreak either of revolutionary or separatist activities. I do not believe that there will be such turbulence or disorder. If there is not, the immense territory, much of it virgin and of extraordinary fruitfulness, which lies within the boundaries of Brazil will witness a literally astounding development during the next two or three score years. Unless all signs fail, the twentieth century will be the century of the growth of South America.

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A GOVERNMENT SKY-SCRAPER

BY W. CORNELL APPLETON

ALTHOUGH commercial buildings of the tower type are no longer a novelty, it will doubtless surprise many to learn that the United States Government is building a "sky-scraper" Custom-House in the heart of historic Boston. It is not probable, however, that it is but the first of a series of Government towers, as the result in this case is due to peculiar conditions not likely to be duplicated elsewhere.

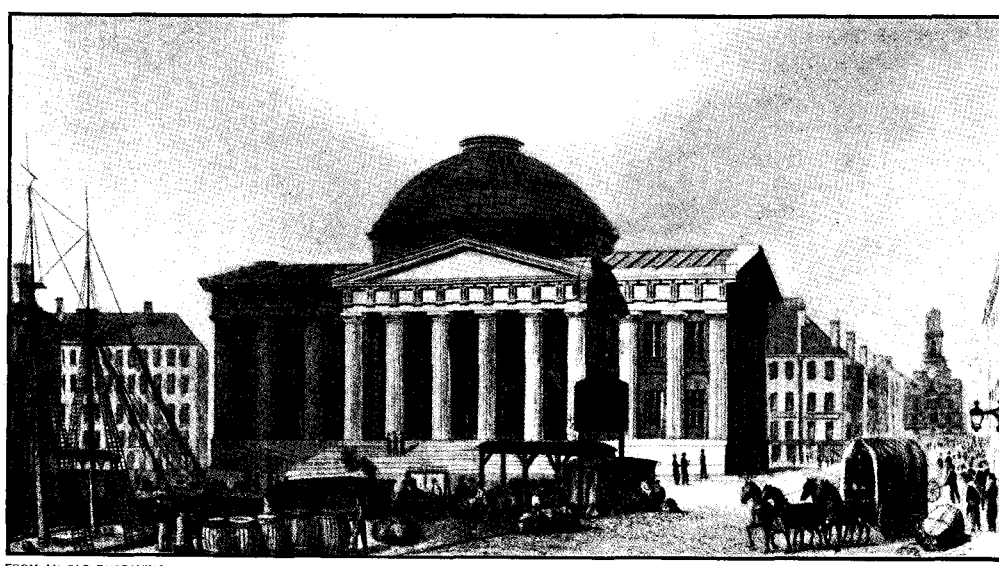
For many years Boston, which stands second among the ports of the country, has been too big for its Custom-House. The large force of officers and clerks necessary to handle the business of the port was crowded into the same building that was first occupied in January, 1849.

The "Old Stone Fort," as it was familiarly called, was designed by Ammi Brigham Young, and was a carefully studied example of Greek Doric architecture, its dignified simplicity making it one of the ornaments of the city. The tall granite columns which surrounded it were all quarried at Quincy and hauled over the road. In the first story, reached by a flight of steps extending the entire width of the portico, was a circular columnar hall crowned by a low dome. The beautiful marble columns were evidently copied from the monument of Lysicrates at Athens, and the room was of striking beauty even in recent years when crowded with the desks of the Customs officials.

Less than fifty years ago Boston Harbor came to the door of the Custom-House. The accompanying reproduction from an old engraving gives a good idea of the building in its relation to the water-front and to State Street, at the other end of which stands the old State House, a reminder of Colonial days.

It had long been apparent that the business of the port could no longer be handled in such crowded quarters, and in 1908 the business bodies of the city were confronted with the problem of finding a site for a new building, the cost of the former to be not greater than the half-million dollars which had been appropriated by Congress for the purpose.

A joint committee considered all available sites, and held meetings with the Collector of the Port, Congressmen, and officials of the Treasury Department. It was found that no site that could be obtained for the amount appropriated was satisfactory from both the standpoint of convenience in location and as a proper setting for a Government building. Such sites as could be recommended would involve a probable additional outlay of at least three-quarters of a million dollars, and, as the temper of Congress at that time was to provide for few new enterprises in the



FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING

THE BOSTON CUSTOM-HOUSE—OLD VERSION

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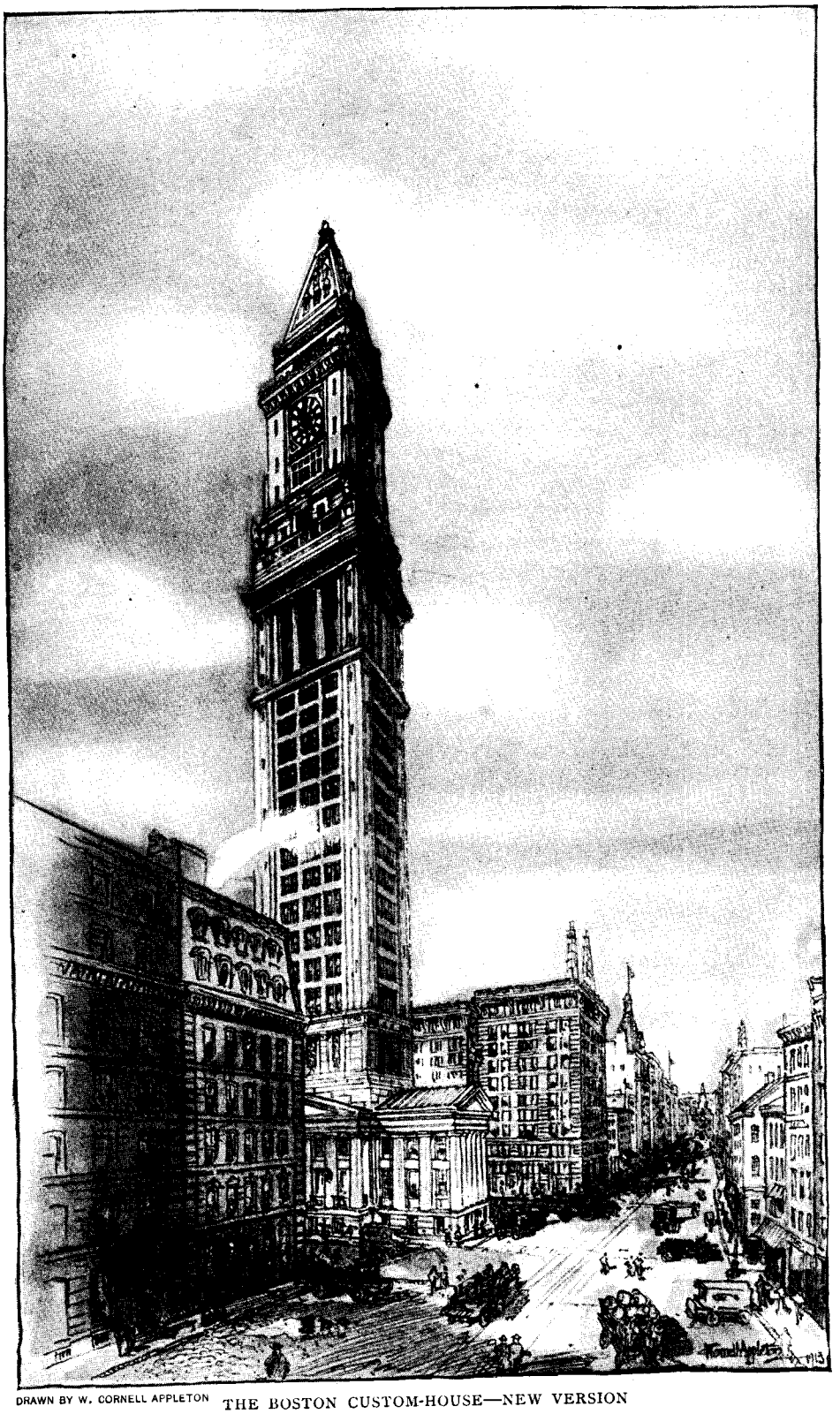

DRAWN BY W. CORNELL APPLETON THE BOSTON CUSTOM-HOUSE—NEW VERSION

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appropriations for public buildings, it was felt that there was little chance of getting the extra money; or, if the money for a site were secured, it might be years before an appropriation for a building would be granted.

Matters were in this condition when, at a meeting in Washington, Mr. Beekman Winthrop, then Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, who had visited Boston and had been impressed with the beauty of the old Custom-House, asked if it could not be treated as was the old Custom-House in New York City, where a colonnade of several stories in height was superimposed on the old colonnade, producing a very monumental effect.

From this suggestion grew the idea of a tower covering only the central portion of the old building. The Old Stone Fort possessed material as well as historical and sentimental value, and the half-million dollars appropriated for a site might become immediately available for building purposes. Meetings of the business bodies were held and rough sketches of a tower form of building discussed; and, as a result, it was voted "that the present site is regarded as a most desirable and appropriate location for the Custom-House, and that the Treasury Department be requested to make plans to retain the present Custom-House as an integral part of the structure as shown in the studies."

The Treasury Department then gave its approval of the project, and the passage by Congress of a special act empowering the Secretary of the Treasury to appoint an architect "for the enlargement, remodeling, and extension of the present Custom-House" resulted in the selection of Peabody and Stearns, of Boston, who had designed most of the principal buildings on State Street, as architects for the new tower.

As for the architectural style, the illustration shown will explain in detail. The tower conforms in its design to the rest of the building, with such variation of scale of parts and of details as would be necessary to preserve a proper relation between the old and the new portions.

The completed building will be five hundred and four feet high from the sidewalk to the top of the ornamental cap on the roof. There will be approximately three times as much office space as was available in the old building, and, it is believed that, with rapid elevator service, business can be more quickly despatched in a building of the tower type than would be the case in a low building with long corridors.

The tower proper is about sixty-five by seventy feet in size, and has a batter of thirteen inches on each face of the shaft, to give the appearance of greater stability. It will rest on massive concrete caissons, which were sunk a hundred feet below the street in order to get a proper bearing for the great weight. The building is, of course, fireproof throughout, and every precaution will be taken to see that the steel is properly protected by painting and casing in concrete, brick, or terra cotta.

Among the features of the design are the clock, the observation balcony at the twenty-fifth floor level, the ornamental smoke-stack at the very top of the roof, and the marble-and-bronze rotunda and dome in the entrance story. This latter will be similar to the one that was in the old Custom-House, but higher and even more impressive.

The clock face is of reinforced concrete, marble, and bronze. The dial is twenty-one feet in diameter and the minute-hand is eleven and one-half feet long. The numerals and minute-dots are bronze boxes built into the concrete, the front being glazed and the back opening into a white enameled room from which the light will be reflected through the openings.

The building as contracted for comes within the appropriation of one million eight hundred thousand dollars, as against an estimated total expenditure of from two and one-half to three million dollars had a new site been selected.

For a century the Bulfinch dome on the State House was the crowning feature of Boston's skyline as shown on the seal of the city, but the surrounding buildings have so changed the historic outline that there is no longer a dominating feature. Moreover, the building restrictions limit the height of buildings to one hundred and twenty-five feet. The United States Government is under no building restrictions, and thus it is possible to restore a distinctive and impressive crowning feature to the harbor approach and to provide Boston with a unique Custom-House, the first Government sky-scraper.

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"WHY, BELIEVE ME, IT'S A GREAT PLEASURE," LAUGHED PETE. "I DON'T KNOW WHETHER BOB HAS TOLD YOU—"

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BUSINESS AND FEMININITY

BY ELMER E. FERRIS

THE SECOND OF A SERIES ABOUT PETE CROWTHER THE SALESMAN AND HIS FRIENDS

WITH DRAWINGS BY G C. WIDNEY

I

AS Robert Cartright and his companions were passing the door of the writing-room on their way in to the bar, they caught sight of Pete Crowther sitting at the writing-table.

"Come on in, Pete, and take a smile," called Cartright.

"Not for me,' replied Pete. "Say, Bob, come on up to my room. I want to show you something."

"Room is no place for a man on Saturday night. Come along, Pete, and have something."

"Nit. See here," and Pete motioned him to come inside the door. "What are you doing out with that fast bunch? I thought you had more sense, Bob."

"Oh, come! None of that now. I'll see you later," and Bob hurried in to join his friends at the bar.

Pete finished his letters and stepped out upon the sidewalk for a breath of fresh air before going to bed.

Presently Bob and his friends emerged from the bar-room and entered a taxicab.

"Jump in, Pete," invited Bob. "We've got a pot of red paint in here. We are going to smear the town."

"It's a big proposition to smear this town, Bob. You take my advice and go to bed."

As the taxi rolled down the street the strains of "Oh, you beautiful doll!" came floating out of the cab window. Pete stood and watched it until it disappeared around the corner.

"I wonder what has been getting into Bob Cartright," he mused. "I never thought he would hit the turf the way he has been doing lately. If I get a chance at him to-morrow, I'll rub it in good and plenty."

It was 11:30 the following forenoon when Cartright stepped out of the elevator into the hotel lobby. His eyes were slightly bloodshot and his face bore the marks of a night of dissipation. He assumed a deprecatory grin as he met Pete Crowther near the desk.

"Well, Bob, who got smeared, the town or you?" greeted Pete.

"Say, Pete, isn't it queer that when a fellow tanks up all night he feels so thirsty the next morning?"

"Oh, not so queer. When a man starts a fire inside of him he needs some water to put it out. Come on over here, Bob. I want to tell you something about business."

"Wait till I get a drink of water, Pete."

As they seated themselves in the corner Pete abruptly faced his companion.

"Bob, I helped you get that position with your company, didn't I?"

"Sure you did, and I'm much obliged. What of it?"

"I told those people that you had it in you to make a corking good salesman."

"Thanks. And I've been making good, too. You gave it to them straight."

"Yes, but you've only been out a year. I am responsible for your salesmanship, and I want to tell you something. Let me give you an idea that I got last trip. I was talking with our tea man just before I started out. That tea man of ours is a crackerjack. When he gets to showing the different kinds of teas and describes the way they are grown and packed, and then draws them up and gets you to tasting them, he makes you think it's something right out of a rose garden. He stumped me to sell more tea. I had been selling tea right along, and I told him so. I showed him my order book. 'Yes,' he said; 'but you can sell twice as much this trip. We never had such a line as this since I have been with the house.' Well, I got to thinking it over after I took the train, and I made up my mind to unload some tea. Now, you understand, Bob, every wholesale grocery company handles tea, and there are lots of tea jobbers that don't sell anything else, and they send out good salesmen, too. The consequence is that these retail grocery dealers are pounded to death on tea, and are usually stocked up 'way ahead. When you try to talk tea to them, they throw up their hands. The first town I struck was Bloomington, and I sailed in on tea, and, say, when evening came I had sold thirty-five boxes of tea, and believe me, that's going some."

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"Yes, I see your point, Pete; you're a daisy all right."

"Sure I am; but I've got another point that you don't see yet. When I wrote up—"

"Say, Pete," interrupted Bob, "do you think it's good salesmanship to sell people stuff that they don't need?"

"Nit. Salesmanship is selling a man who doesn't intend to buy, but you want to be sure he needs the goods."

"But you just said they were all stocked up and—"

"Sure. It's this way. Here is a man, say, who has got five boxes of tea on hand that will last him two months. He won't be in the market for six weeks. He doesn't want to buy, but you sell him five boxes to be shipped five weeks later, and you give him a good drive and special terms. That isn't overstocking him, and that is salesmanship. Well, after I wrote up my orders that night I was feeling pretty cocky, and I said to myself, 'Huccum? How did you turn the trick?' I thought it all over, and I saw that when I got off the train that day the town looked like my oyster. Every time I tackled a man I could see myself winning out in advance. It was pep—ginger—the scrappy spirit, see? That is one of the biggest things in salesmanship. And do you know what takes that out of a man quicker than anything else?"

"What?"

"Booze!"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Pete, don't begin—"

"I've begun already, and I am going to finish it, too. There's another thing, Bob. When I started on the road ten years ago, it was a common thing for traveling men to crook their elbows over a bar. They used to invite their customers out to take a drink nearly every time they sold a bill. You don't see much of that now. The best salesmen have cut it out. These are days when men are after efficiency. It is in the air. Manufacturers, railroad managers, merchants, and salesmen are studying how to save energy and get in their best licks. Men can't waste themselves the way they used to—not if they are going to get there. Salesmanship nowadays is strictly business. That Tom-and-Jerry stuff don't go. Say, I just saw a friend go into that hotel down the street and I want to see him a minute. Come along and I'll introduce you."

As they entered a shabby-looking hotel Bob glanced around. "He must be some class if he hangs out at this joint," said he.

Pete pushed on into the bar-room and approached a man who was sitting in a chair staring gloomily about him. His clothes were seedy and threadbare. His face was purple and his eyes watery. Glancing up, he caught sight of Pete and his companion.

"Why, hello, Pete, old boy!" he cried. "I haven't seen you for a dog's age."

"Mr. Morgan, shake hands with Mr. Cartright. Morgan is an old acquaintance of mine," explained Pete to Bob. "How are things going, Jim?"

"How are they going?" echoed Morgan, bitterly. "You know how they are going—straight to hell on the toboggan slide. Say, Pete, can't you lend me a half? I'll pay it back inside of fifty years—on the level."

"Sure. I'll make it a dollar, Jim, if you will agree to buy something to eat with part of it."

"Thanks, old man. You might not believe it, Mr. Cartright, but I saw the day when I could sell goods with any of them. I could sell rings around any man that traveled out of Chicago in my line. Ain't that so, Pete?"

"That's what. You were the stiffest competitor I had the first three years I was out," agreed Pete.

"Won't you join me in a drink, gentlemen?" invited Morgan, courteously.

"No, thanks; we aren't drinking. Well, so long, Morgan."

"So you steered me up against your horrible example," grinned Cartright, as they stepped out upon the sidewalk.

"Bob, that man Morgan had the best prospects of any young salesman I knew, but—"

"See here, Pete, if you weren't a good friend of mine I would invite you to go to the devil."

"And I wouldn't go, see? I've got too much work to do."

"Do you think for a minute that I would make such a bone-headed chump of myself as that man Morgan has?"

"Oh, no; you don't intend to do it any more than he did when he was your age."

"You needn't think, Pete, that I am spending much of my time in front of a bar. I am attending to business all right."

"Over at Decatur last week, for instance," smiled Pete.

"Who told you about Decatur?"

"Oh, those things are passed around.

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"I COULD SELL RINGS AROUND ANY MAN THAT TRAVELED OUT OF CHICACO IN MY LINE. AIN'T THAT SO, PETE?"

Your competitors will see to that. Believe me, Bob, these merchants won't stand for it. Business is based upon confidence, and merchants lose confidence in a man as soon as he gets the reputation of blowing himself."

"Who says I'm blowing myself? The fact is, Pete, that I have only gone on two bats in a year. One was at Decatur last week, and the other was last night."

They had reached their hotel and resumed their seats in the corner.

"Bob, I want you to give it to me straight. Something has gone wrong with you. It isn't natural for you to make such an ass of yourself. I am one of your best friends, and you know it. Now uncork it. Has business gone punk? Do you owe money? What's the matter, anyway?"

Bob sat in silence for some time. Then he drew a photograph from his pocket. "I didn't think I would ever mention this to anybody, Pete; but I am going to tell you the whole business. Look at this picture. Say, there is the finest girl that ever walked down the street."

"A mighty good looker," commented Pete.

"Yes, but her looks aren't in it with her character—that's where she's got them all skinned a mile. She's high-toned. She is finer than silk. She belongs to the Presbyterian Church, too, and she's the real goods. She has got an education. I don't see how I ever got a stand-in with such a girl, but I did. She is a niece of Browning over at Princeton. I sell him goods, and he's a friend of mine. She was over there visiting, and I met her, and, believe me, she made a home run right off the bat. I didn't know which end I was standing on when she was around. Well, I went in to capture her, and I went in hard, too. Maybe you know how that is."

"Sure; didn't I get just that kind of a girl myself?"

"Well, there's a young fellow named Clark in her town. He is cashier in a bank, and a corking fine fellow. He is an all-round athlete, too, and has got some property. He was stuck on her too, and was just as hot after her as I was. He belongs to the same church that she does. Her mother was

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favorable to Clark, and so were her friends. They seemed to be a little afraid of me. Honestly, I don't see how I ever won out, but I did. We have been engaged for three months."

"Well, what are you beefing about, then?" asked Pete, in surprise.

"Just this. The more I saw of her and the more I thought about it, the clearer it looked to me that she is too good a girl for me. She's finer than I am in every way. She is in a different class. She ought to marry a man like Clark. So about two weeks ago I finally made up my mind that I had no business to marry that kind of a girl, and I wrote her a letter and told her so, and broke the whole thing off. Now you can understand something about that Decatur business and last night. I never mailed the letter to her. I carried it in my pocket. Here it is," and Bob drew the letter from his pocket. "Here is where it goes into the mail-box, and don't you forget it."

Bob arose from the chair, but Pete seized him by the arm and drew him back.

"Wait a minute. Let me tell you what I think about it. You've got the wrong slant at women, Bob. If you post that letter you will be making a bigger fool of yourself than you did last night, and that's going some. I married a fine girl myself, and before we got married I felt something like you do, but did I back up and get my leg over the tug? Nit—I went ahead with it, and it was the luckiest thing I ever did. If you were a boozer, why, then, I'd say post that letter, the sooner the better. If a man can't control himself before he gets married, why, it's a cinch that he won't do it afterward; but do you know why she tied up to you? It's because she thought you are a whole lot of a man, and she was right about it, too. No doubt she is better than you are. I know that my wife is better than I am, but that was my good luck. The biggest asset that I've got is the confidence and admiration of my wife. There isn't anything that makes a man hump himself like having a high-toned wife that thinks he is somebody and can do big things. I can sell twice as many goods just because my wife thinks that I'm a corking good salesman. Half the fun of doing business comes from doing it for her. What do you propose to do, anyway, Bob? Throw that girl down—a good girl that thinks a lot of you—and keep on associating with a bunch like that last night? Is that the way to amount to something? Bob, you make me tired!"

"But look here, Pete, she wouldn't be happy with me. I am not her equal. She—"

"Oh, come off! Don't you suppose she knows what she wants? You don't size up a woman right. You are too logical. You assume that two and two always makes four, and of course it does in mathematics, but with a woman two and two sometimes makes eight or nine—it all depends. If a fellow strikes a girl's imagination and she gets stuck on him, why, no other kind of a man has got a look-in. A girl may be educated and artistic and religious and everything else that's fine, but she's a woman just the same, and when the woman in her breaks loose, why, all that literary and artistic stuff don't go. My wife knows twice as much as I do about books and music and religion, but she thinks that Pete is the big noise all the same, and there isn't a happier home anywhere than mine. If a woman cares for her husband, and he goes out and does things and brings home the bacon and he thinks a lot of her, why, she will be happy good and plenty. Aren't you equal to that? Why, sure. Bob, you act like a chump!"

"Maybe you are right, Pete. If I only—"

"Why, sure I am right. There isn't anything else to it. Take it from me, Bob, the thing to do is to tear that letter up and stand by your guns."

Cartright held the letter up and gazed at it a moment, then he slowly tore it into bits.

It was a month later when Pete met Cartright again.

"How is everything going, Bob?" he inquired.

"Business is good, if that's what you want to know."

"Yes; but how about that other matter? How is the young lady?"

"The truth is I don't know how she is."

"Say, now, you didn't—"

"No, I didn't, but she did. I guess I might as well give you the rest of it, Pete," and he drew from his pocket a letter which he handed over without comment.

It was an earnest and dignified letter, in which she explained that certain things had come to her knowledge which convinced her that she had been mistaken in him, and she did not dare intrust her future to his care. "I do not think I need to tell you," she wrote in conclusion, "how distressed and grieved I am to break off our relations, but it

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"THEY CAN'T PUT ME INTO THE DOWN-AND-OUT CLUB JUST BECAUSE I MADE ONE OR TWO BREAKS—NOT ON YOUR LIFE!"

simply must be done. I am returning the ring to you by express. I can only say that I sincerely hope that this may not cause you the heartache that it has caused me. It will be useless to communicate with me any further. This must be the end of it, but I shall always hope for your welfare and happiness. Sincerely, Hattie."

Pete gave a low whistle as he handed back the letter. "That is a mighty high-toned girl—a fine girl and no mistake. She got on to that Decatur blow-out, didn't she?"

"Sure; and I don't blame her at all. She thinks I'm a thoroughbred sport."

"What did you do?"

"Do! I took my medicine. What else could I do?"

"Yes; but what are you going to do about it?"

"I am going to sell goods—that's what. I never worked so hard in my life. I am going to show these people whether Bob Cartright is a business man or a sport, see? They can't put me into the down-and-out club just because I made one or two breaks—not on your life!"

"But what are you going to do about the girl?"

"I don't know. I thought some of writing and explaining the matter, but it wouldn't go. You see, it was hard enough for me to get in there in the first place, but now it looks fierce."

"Has she got you sized up right or wrong, Bob?"

"Why, she's got it wrong—dead wrong. You know that as well as I do—and—"

"Sure I do, Bob. Come over here and sit down. I want to give you a little spiel about women. Your case isn't so bad. If you will go to it you can win out yet, but you have got to make a fight for it. Give her the facts. The longer I sell goods the more confidence I have in facts. It's facts that do the business, and the facts are on your side—that is, you are really the kind of man that she thought you were in the first place. Write her a long letter and tell her just what you told me that Sunday. Let her understand that you don't propose to give her up. Tell her just what you are doing, and what you are going to do. Write to her once or

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twice a month. Send her your sales sheets. Show her that you are doing business and that you are on the square, and—"

"Oh, but that Decatur business would queer any man with a girl like Hattie Jameson. Why, Pete, she's the finest—"

"Sure she is, but see here: no matter how good a woman is, she don't object to a man just because he's got it in him to be a sport, provided she can be reasonably sure that he'll sit on the lid. It's up to you to sit tight. See?"

"Would you go and see her, Pete?"

"Nit. Stay away from her for four months—six months. Wait until you have proved your case."

"Yes, and Clark won't do a thing to me. He is right there on the ground and everything is in his favor."

"What of it? When a merchant is going to buy a new stock of goods, do you quit because some competitor has got a pull on him and is after the order? Here is a girl that is worth more than a big stock of goods. Go to it, Bob, and, you take it from me, you have got the pole and Clark is trotting around the outside. 'Cause why? Because the girl is stuck on you, and girls are sentimental. Every time she sees Clark she will think of Bob off yonder working his head off to make good. See?"

About two months later, when Pete met Cartright again, he immediately inquired how the affair was progressing.

"It's hard to tell," replied Bob. "I have been writing to her every two weeks and—"

"Has she answered your letters?"

"No; but she hasn't sent them back."

"That is a good sign. It's dollars to doughnuts that she reads them every night before she goes to bed. What kind of a showing have you made in business?"

"Fine. My sales are larger than ever, and last week I got a letter from the company; here's a copy of it."

The letter was as follows:

Dear Mr. Cartright:

In view of the excellent work you are doing we have decided to depart from our usual custom and raise your salary in the middle of the year. We are now crediting your account with $40 per week, and are pleased to advise that if your sales continue to increase we shall make a further substantial raise on January 1st.

With best wishes,

DONALD BAXTER & CO.

"I sent her the original letter. That ought to make a point, eh?"

"Sure. You win out. There isn't anything else to it."

II

When the brakeman called the station and Robert Cartright rose to get off the train, it seemed to him that every one in the car must know that this was the town where Hattie Jameson lived.

"Gee, what a difference it makes with a town when a girl like Hattie is in it!" he muttered, as he stepped out upon the platform. There was an undeniable significance to everything he saw. This street where he was walking—probably she had passed along here this morning. That small boy over there must know her. She had probably attended school in that building across the street. He had written to her that he was coming. He had not seen her or heard from her for six months. As he approached the Jameson residence his heart was beating a violent tattoo. Despite the fact that the strong case which he intended to present had looked almost unanswerable as he thought it over on the train, he now felt somewhat like a prisoner going to his execution. Hattie met him at the door.

"Good-evening," said Bob.

"Good-evening. Won't you come in?"

"The train must have been late," said he, as he entered the sitting-room.

"I thought it was on time," she replied. After they had taken their seats at opposite sides of the room a silence ensued.

"Pretty nice weather to-day," he finally ventured.

"Yes, splendid weather," she assented.

"It has been pretty good weather for business all the month."

"Has it?"

"Yes, business has been good."

"That is nice."

Bob fidgeted in his chair. He then attempted a bit of facetiousness.

"These shoes of mine are pretty loud. A friend of mine said that red russets are too noisy."

"Are they really? I am not very well posted on men's shoes."

Another silence ensued. Then the pent-up current of Bob's feelings broke over the dam.

"Say, Hattie, you must know what I came down here for. What's the use of trying to talk about anything else? It's the only thing I've been thinking about, aside from business,

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for six months. When I got your letter—I don't blame you at all, Hattie—I had made an awful fool of myself—I didn't think I'd ever have a ghost of a show again—the only thing—it seemed to me that if you only knew how much I cared for you—if you knew the facts—how much I need you—"

"That is just what makes me afraid, Robert," interrupted Hattie. "If a man thinks he needs a wife to help him keep his habits right, it is bound to end in disappointment for—"

"You don't understand, Hattie. I don't need you to help me keep straight. I told you the truth in my letter; how that all happened. I am not in the habit of drinking, and whether you turn me down or not I shall hold myself up four square and do something in the world; but I need you because you are finer than I am. I can do more and be more with you. If I am your husband, I shall be a bigger man—a better man, see? I did think I wasn't fit to be. I wrote you all about that. It wasn't my habits—it was me. I'm not educated, as you are. You have got a finer mind. You are better than I am. But I have changed my mind about one thing. I know I can make you happy. I am the very fellow that you thought I was when we became engaged. I can make a great big fight in the world for you, Hattie—believe me, I can."

"But, Bob, dear—" she checked herself, and her face flushed crimson.

"Say it again!" cried Bob, delightedly. "I never heard anything sound so good in my life! Say it again, Hattie! You are going to say yes, aren't you? Come now. You are going to say yes, aren't you, Hattie?"

"Yes Bob," she murmured.

It would have been a most appropriate thing if he had enfolded her in his arms and kissed her passionately, but instead he stepped over and leaned against the mantel and surveyed her with the pride and radiance of a victorious young manhood.

"I would like to have your picture just now, Bob," smiled Hattie. "You look like a conqueror."

"Just what I am!" he cried. "Say, won't I sell goods, though? Won't I do things? Won't I take good care of you, girlie?" He stepped to the sofa, and, bending over, he reverently kissed her hair.

III

"Why, hello, Pete! Mighty glad to see you again. Come on up to the parlor. I want you to meet a friend of mine."

"Sure, Bob. When did you get in?" On the way up Pete glanced inquiringly at his friend. "Say, old man, you're togged up to beat the band. Look here, have you gone and—"

"You bet I have. There was some opposition, so we put it over on the sly. She's right here in the parlor. Hattie, this is Pete Crowther. Pete, shake hands with my wife."

"Why, believe me, it's a great pleasure," laughed Pete. "I don't know whether Bob has told you—"

"Indeed he has," said Mrs. Cartright, smilingly, "and I hardly know what to say. I—"

"I'll tell you what she said last night," interrupted Bob. "She said that if she should meet Pete Crowther she would be tempted to hug him."

"Now, Bob!" protested his wife.

"That's better than if you wanted to kick me," grinned Pete. "Come on down to supper. I've got to take the seven o'clock train. We can get a table over in the corner. I want to show you a picture of my wife and boy, Mrs. Cartright."

After a jolly supper Pete was compelled to hurry for the train. Just as he stepped into the bus he called to Cartright.

"Oh, Bob, come here a minute. Say, do you know what is the greatest thing in the world?"

"No, what?"

Pete whispered something into Cartright's ear.

"Oh, you go along!" laughed Bob.

"Surest thing you know," cried Pete, and he tipped his hat good-by to Mrs. Cartright in the doorway.

The third story, entitled "A Matter of Big Business," in the series by Elmer E. Ferris, will follow in a later issue

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A HOME STATION OF THE TRAVELING LIBRARY IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF NEW YORK CITY

The little girl with pencil in hand is the custodian, and she distributes the books to her playmates around the table whenever a case of books arrives

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BYWAYS OF LIBRARY WORK

BY SARAH COMSTOCK

ON a certain early winter evening a group of fishermen, sailormen, old sea captains, oystermen, clammers, and all their families, were gathered in a new building which had just been completed in their little lighthouse town off the mainland of the New Jersey coast. In the midst of these people stood a slim young woman. Cap'n Jed, the Guide-Philosopher-and-Friend-in-General of the hamlet, rose to introduce her.

"Gentlemen and all the rest of you and the ladies," he said, "it seems to me that the Cap'n here's got her ship purty well in trim fur a trial run; and if all on board is agreeable, let's put her off with three cheers fur her, her ship, and her freight, a-meanin' these here books. Now fur a speech from the Cap'n, and sailin' orders."

The slim young "Cap'n of the Book Ship," as old Jed had named her, was Miss Sarah Askew, Organizer of the State Library Commission of New Jersey. She had hunted out this isolated strip of land, donning a slicker and sou'wester, and surrendering herself to the mercies of the waves and a sneak-boat. She had found a population of one hundred and seventy-five people—lonely, ignorant, hard-worked. "Here is a place where books are needed," she had said.

Somebody with money became interested and gave the building. Miss Askew gathered four hundred and seventy-two books for a start. But the great problem was to interest these people in the library.

The story of how she did it is one of many stories showing what the work of the library organizer is. With the swift sureness born of experience, she had divined their childlike, primitive sense of poetry and mysticism, and she chose Dickens's "Child's Dream of a Star" to tell them. She finished with tears being mopped from weather-beaten faces; the successful voyage of the Book Ship was assured.

"That story is in one of the books, and there are plenty more just as good," she told her audience. As a matter of fact, she had pasted opposite the last page of each book a slip extolling the merits of another book, this young person being as shrewd as the dealer who entices you to the feather boa sale and sends you away with a hint concerning the marvelous reductions in hair mattresses. When she returned in the spring, she found record of a circulation amounting to 1,610. More impressive even than figures were the comments. By way of example:

"Silas Wegg was sho' a pill; but didn't old Boffin han' him a lemon!"

So the books had found a new byway.

Many and vital are these byways of modern library work. Along the beaten highways we find in the towns excellent public buildings to which readers may come if they will; in the country countless stations of traveling libraries where books are deposited within reach of such readers as care to use them. But along the byways we find libraries seeking the people, ferreting out the isolated districts in Maryland mountains or in Connecticut farming regions or in California forests. In the cities they pry their way into the factory, into the home of the alien, of the blind.

Traveling library work—the system by which cases of books are sent from a State headquarters to stations in the country and exchanged at regular intervals—is constantly reaching a higher development through the trained organizer. She goes forth to study her people, to arouse their interest in books—no mechanical depositing of a case of volumes selected hit or miss. A colony of Jackson Whites living in the mountains in tumbling cabins from which families and goats come forth to stare at the librarian have tastes altogether different from those of the workers in a glass factory. The subtleties of Edith Wharton seemed unreal and superfluous to the lighthouse keeper and the clammers. "Treasure Island" and the "Life of Sir Francis Drake" made an appeal.

The enterprising organizer's life is in some cases a tale of adventure rivaling any volume in her pack. She may risk defiles in a reeling buggy; she may brave stormy channels in a leaky boat. She hunts out groups of people whom nobody ever thought of before, people who never heard of traveling libraries—and often don't want to hear of them. This is her next task—to awaken interest. Almost infallibly this is accomplished by story-telling. Among both adults and children it

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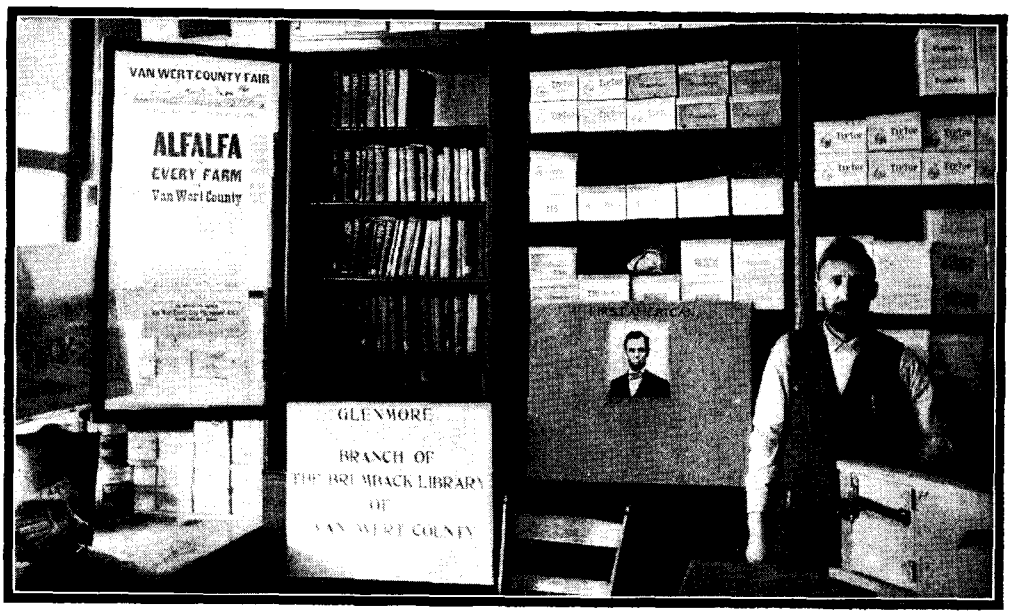

SHOES, PAINT-POTS, AND LITERATURE

An Ohio country store containing a branch of the Van Wert County Library. A portrait of Lincoln is included with the books

is proving that the story told paves the way for the story read. There have been occasions when outdoors was the only available spot, and the organizer gathered her people around a fire in the pine woods country while they listened.

On an Iowa farm a small boy ran into the kitchen from the field where he was helping shock.

"Say, ma, she's a-comin' here! Gimme a clean spot on the towel!" he bellowed, whirling the roller.

"Who's comin'?" demanded his parent, in the midst of roasting a fowl.

"The Horseback Lady!" he replied, and actually looked into the mirror in order that he might part his hair with greater accuracy.

His mother slammed the oven door upon the fowl, wiped her hands on her apron, and went forth in a flutter to greet the Horseback Lady, with as much ceremony as if the minister were arriving. The visitor was the librarian from Onawa, in Monona County. From the Onawa library as a center she has ridden horseback to all the country homes in the townships around, making friends of the families, interesting them personally in books, until the result is one of the most successful libraries in the State. Iowa has a township extension law which permits any free public library to reach through a county; Miss Ellen True, librarian of this one, has extended its work to six townships and three towns. Some of the branches are in town halls, others in little offices. One branch reached a circulation of 6,000 in a year. Here is a story I was told about a boy reader whom the Horseback Lady had visited.

Somebody met him riding against a frightful prairie storm, sleet lashing his face.

"Why *on* earth ain't you to home—somebody sick?" asked the startled friend, who was making for his own dwelling.

"I'm going to the liberry," was the reply. "She come an' tol' me all about 'Tom Sawyer' herself, an' I'm goin to have it. I ain't froze but one ear yet, an' I ain't got but one more *to* freeze, an', anyhow, I'm goin' to have that book."

You may have heard of Miss Mary Titcomb's first trip through the Maryland mountains with her book wagon. The vehicle was black, with closed doors. As she drove, suddenly she heard a shriek.

"We don't want no dead wagon here!" screamed a mountaineer, and fled.

She painted the wagon red, and the mountaineers lived to learn. She was the pioneer in house-to-house library service. She and her book wagon started from Hagerstown and found their way to cabin homes in remote mountains. This work exceeds in individualism even the most highly organized traveling library work, for it does not stop at deposit-

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ing books with a community; it deposits them in the home. Miss Titcomb's mountaineers were too ignorant or too remote to come to a convenient headquarters, as Miss Askew's clammers or Miss True's farmers do. She takes her books to their cabins, calls again, and makes exchanges at their doors. This work has grown until now a large and rapid automobile is used to carry on the work of the small and slow wagon.

There is a Connecticut farmer's wife who was asked why she didn't visit the nearest traveling library station. "Books in the house would help pass away long winter evenings," was suggested.

"Wal, I'd go after readin'," the farmer's wife replied, "if they wasn't so many chickens t' feed; only if they wasn't, I s'pose they'd be too many cows t' milk; and if they wasn't too many cows, they'd mos' likely be too many pigs t' ketch; an', anyhow, they's always sure t' be too many pies t' bake."

Somebody connected with the State Library Committee heard of her. The upshot was the establishment of a house-to-house service. It was true that a number of townships had no local center—not even a group of soap-boxes in a village store—where people congregated, so that the ordinary traveling library service did not meet the situation. Therefore a wagon and an automobile were installed, five routes were laid out, and trips on each route were made once a month to exchange books at the farm-houses lying along the way. Thirty to thirty-five miles were covered by the wagon—more by the automobile.

The remarkable Brumback Library, of Van Wert County, Ohio, resorts to most ingenious methods to reach the 29,000 people who are scattered over 423 square miles of agricultural land. It does not rest with sending books to its fifteen county stations and the county schools, and leaving the people to read or not as they like. It lays traps for the reader. At the Van Wert County Fair,

A MARYLAND MOUNTAIN BOOK WAGON

This wagon is now replaced by an automobile, which makes a house-to-house canvass to find what books are desired

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in September, 1913, it not only presented its own exhibit, but it took advantage of everybody else's exhibit to call attention to itself. Above the pen containing the largest hogs, a spot always surrounded by a crowd, hung this placard:

Your Hogs:
Are they fat and hungry, or lean and overfed?
Brumback Library Exhibit—A Book on Swine.

And above the housewives' display:

Before Preserving or Pickling
Read New Recipes.
The Brumback Library Has Cook Books.

A year's circulation of 31,815 in the county stations and schools alone, the two rural distributing agencies, says much for the value of up-to-date commercial methods applied to literature.

The books find many byways in the midst of the crowd. You drop into a machine-shop in the outskirts of an Eastern city. It is noon. The whistle blows, and with a sudden clamor men rush forth, making for the row of dinner-pails.

"Say, the books have come!" somebody announces.

I am risking the loss of every reader's confidence by stating that hungry men in a machine-shop have been known to lay aside their dinner-pails while they made a mad onslaught upon the new box of books just delivered by the city's main library. Truth compels me, nevertheless, to assume that risk.

From the library headquarters in many of our large cities books are sent to thousands of people who would not read otherwise. These cities maintain a traveling exchange system through which groups of books are sent to factories, police stations, fire-engine houses, department stores—anywhere, everywhere, that books are not likely to be found. In the outskirts of New York certain home stations, even, have been established—one house in a neighborhood is chosen, and the neighbors gather there to open the case of books. Girls in a biscuit factory may be seen running to their rest-room in off hours to exchange "The House of Mirth" for "Lavender and Old Lace." A portly policeman in a station pockets "Sherlock Holmes" and deposits "Murders in the Rue Morgue."

Here, in the thick of the cities, there is the same effort to hunt out the individual and become acquainted with his needs. St. Louis sends a library assistant along with the cases of books, some one who can talk over matters in a friendly and understanding way. "What would you chaps like when the next box is made up?" he inquired one day in a fire-engine house."

"I'm goin' to have a vacation," one of the men responded, "and I want to go fishin'. Can't you bring me a book on fish that'll tell which ones are found in which rivers, so I'll know where I want to go for that vacation?"

An anglers' guide was included in the next box, and the fireman went fishing.

When, on a red-letter day of 1913, the Blind Boy Scouts visited the great main building of the New York Public Library and inspected its marvelous details with hungry, scurrying fingers, they were opening fresh byways for the books. In the room which is devoted to the blind alone they found that there are 5,875 books in the various embossed types, besides 4,197 music scores. They found writing appliances and games for the blind on display. They learned that a teacher employed by the library will visit the home of any blind person in the city, giving lessons in reading the embossed type. They found that the library sends books to these homes, and sends for them again at the end of a month. Many of the boys had never known all this before; they helped spread the news.

Over on Blackwell's Island a blind old woman in the institution there sat smoothing her hair and giving nervous, needless pats to her collar, as women do.

"You are very much dressed up to-day," I observed.

"Of course. It's the teacher's day," she replied, importantly.

Half an hour later I saw the two bending above a bulky volume, tracing the humor of "Pickwick" with keen fingers. That was one of the 584 visits which the library teacher paid in 1912.

Up among the redwoods in the California mountains a blind old lumberman pored day and night over the several big volumes of "Silas Marner" which the Sacramento library sent him. In Texas a student is learning with his fingers and going successfully through college by means of the books shipped him by the New York library. An old German woman on a farm is reading magazines for the blind sent her regularly from Philadelphia.

When the public library of Newark, New Jersey, established its bureau of information, the newspapers indulged their sense of humor, and there were reports that the libra-

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AN ITALIAN STORY HOUR IN ONE OF THE LIBRARIES OF NEW YORK
These boys are interested in a tale told in their own language by a friend who has volunteered to assist the librarian

rian was answering questions over the telephone concerning the choice of stripes or checks for trousers, and the best massage movement with cold cream to eradicate crow's-feet. The library weathered the storm of humor, calmly continued to answer intelligent questions on widely scattered topics, and made readers for its pains. The Van Wert County Library in Ohio answers questions by letter, so remote are its patrons. Whether it is asked about Gipsy Smith, road-making, bees, sugar beets, or art museums, it replies by letter, book, pamphlet, or clipping.

The use of city libraries as social and educational centers is a means of interesting people in the library. The Young Men's Christian Association gives lessons in English to foreigners in some of the New York library branches. A Polish-English club, several chess clubs, the Boy Scouts, are among the organizations meeting in St. Louis branches. Here in a New York branch you may come upon a group of "Little Mothers," gathered by the Health Department; girls are carrying home knowledge as to the care of babies. Fifty books on the subject were kept in constant circulation by one branch as a result of these meetings—books that otherwise might never have departed from their shelves.

Some of you have listened to the story-telling which is nowadays a feature of juvenile library work in several of our cities. If you haven't, go at the first opportunity. You will find a trained narrator, a librarian selected for this work, in the midst of an open-mouthed group. Perhaps it will be a group of very little folks, gulping the tale of "The Golden Goose." Perhaps older girls are gathered, listening rapt to "The Brushwood Boy." Or it may be an assembly of boys—just freckled, snub-nosed, cropped, grubby young American citizens, so absorbed in "Black Arrow" that they don't know there is mischief waiting to be done anywhere in the world.

This is the way the children are being lured to the book-shelves. The results are incalculable. Children who otherwise would never have found their way into a library are tempted by the story-telling, and they clamor to borrow books and read for themselves.

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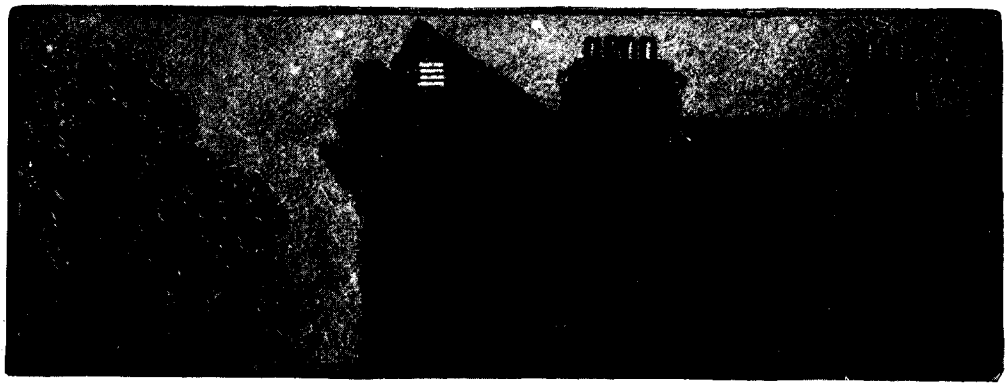

BEYOND THE WALL

BY HENRY FARRAND GRIFFIN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARMAND BOTH

I

ANY one who has lived in Washington Square knows what odd pranks the wind-currents play with sound vibrations from the great bells high in the seven-hundred-foot tower above Madison Square. For days on end you will not hear the deep-toned notes, and then some evening they will sound clear as if a hundred yards away, instead of a mile and more. This midsummer evening, as the sunset lights from the west were shed softly over the dusty foliage and quaint brick houses which lined the north side of the Square, there was a little lull in the roar of traffic. Just then the whimsical wind-elves sent down from the north, clear and sweet, the voice of the distant bell giants.

One — two — three — four — five — six — seven.

It was the hour of twilight magic which poets and artists find time to love, even in the big, tumultuous city.

Emerson, paragon among man servants, though he served a master who considered himself both poet and artist, wasted scant attention on twilight effects of light and sound. He was too busy. Hither and thither through the big studio, occupying an entire top floor, he hastened, soft of foot and deft of finger. It needed scarce more than his touch to send the great mahogany table, rolling smoothly on its casters, under the open skylights close to the high studio north windows. Both skylight and windows were open wide, and what little breeze there was that torpid August evening stirred leaf and petal among the white roses in a cut-glass bowl, which Emerson placed with mathematical exactness in the middle of a centerpiece of old Italian lace.

In his own line Emerson, too, was an artist. The bowl of roses was the central *motif*, and gleaming silverware with napery of faultless damask was swiftly arranged as in development of the theme. And withal there was a studied abandon, a graceful, considered carelessness about the whole effect that gave due regard to the easels, half-finished canvases, palettes, paint tubes and brushes everywhere in evidence about the studio.

Half a dozen times Emerson pattered softly down the stairs in answer to the jangle of an old-fashioned door-bell, and returned laden with edible loot ranging from cold fowl in aspic, fluffy ruffled hams, and fruit salads, to silver-frosted buckets out of which bottle tops crowned with golden tinfoil emerged from miniature *mers-de-glace*.

Severing the vague rumble of traffic, there came suddenly a motor's sharp exhaust. It rose to a roar and was silent. Emerson cocked one ear attentively, stepped to the window, and, after a glance down to the street, hastened back to put the final touches to his work. Far below a door closed with a muffled crash. Steps sounded on the stair.

"By George, but these old houses are cool

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in summer, you know!" came a voice from the landing as Emerson flung open the studio door and stood aside to let his master enter, followed by a guest.

"Hullo, Emerson," said Wallingford, with an approving glance at the table. "Everything come all right?"

"All quite ready, sir."

"I want to scrub and change. Put out my things if you're all through here."

"Very good, sir."

Emerson disappeared downstairs.

Dick Wallingford flung himself back in an easy chair.

"Cigarette, Jack?" He held out his case. "Cigars in that box on the model throne."

"Thanks, a cigarette for me."

Jack Davis wandered about the studio, inspecting the half-finished canvases and furniture with a critical eye.

"Pretty dog-goned sybaritic for a so-called artist chap," Davis observed, dryly. He tilted over a chair. "Real Chippendale?"

"So my dealer alleges."

"They all do. Incidentally, why aren't any of these things finished?" He indicated the canvases with a wave of his cigarette.

Wallingford grinned guiltily.

"Mea culpa! Mea maxima culpa! The plain truth is, Jack, I'm one of these splendid starters that just naturally peter out on the home-stretch."

"Humph! Money. If you had to sell those pictures to pay for your supper, you might amount to something. Some of those things aren't half bad. You give me a pain in the pocketbook—you and all your tribe of dilettante plutocrats. If you—"

"Help! Likewise assistance!" Wallingford lighted another cigarette with the tolerant, good-natured smile that had won him many friends, and kept them—sometimes the harder of the two.

"Oh! I'll dry up." Davis looked at his watch, "and, what's more, I must be sprinting."

Wallingford bounded out of his chair. He seized the other's arm.

"No, you don't," he exclaimed. "You're going to stay to supper. Don't be a chump, Jack. You've got to. I promised Mrs. Delmont to produce a real, untamed newspaper man for this little studio supper. So bohemian and romantic, don't you know! Gooloo—Gooloo, the wild man from Borneo—he eats raw meat. Jack, you're the main attraction—you wouldn't disappoint a lady?"

"Rot," replied Davis, briefly. "We're busy, and I ought to get back to the office early. Besides, I haven't time to change."

"A newspaper man in glad rags and a boiled shirt? Why, Jack, you surprise me! It wouldn't be in character at all. By the way," Wallingford added innocently, "I asked Miss Nevin."

"Really, I can't, Dick," but Davis's voice didn't sound quite so emphatic.

"Say, Jack, old man," Wallingford pleaded, "Betty—Miss Allison—is coming with the Delmonts. She's sailing to-morrow, you know. She'll be gone six months. Jack, I'd like this little supper to be a success. You always stir up the animals, and—what the—"

A roar, sullen, deep, ending suddenly in a snarl of rage, shot up from the Square below. Davis, first to realize, jumped to the window. No one who has once heard it will mistake the voice of an angry mob. There was a clatter of horses' hoofs. Mounted police galloped past. Again the roar, rising sharply at the end. More of a snarl to it this time. Men were running toward the north side of the Square. Women and children were running south, away. Whatever the trouble, it was on the north side, invisible beyond the screen of leaves.

"Yah-ah-ah-ah!"

Then, faint and quavering at first, but swiftly swinging into a mighty, deep-toned chorus, quite as grim and infinitely more terrible than the animal howl of rage—the "Internationale!"

"The machinists' strike! The I. W. W.!" cried Davis, leaping for the door.

Even as he went crashing down the stairs, five steps at a time, a scattering volley of revolver shots rang out across the Square. The singing halted, broken by shrill yells of terror. Then a medley of cries and screams. Then silence.

"What t'ell," muttered Wallingford, hesitating at the window. Suddenly he glanced at the clock.

"Betty!" he cried, and in turn sprang for the stairs.

Emerson slipped quietly into the studio, flicked a few cigarette ashes from the floor into a dustpan, and began to rearrange the flowers on the table.

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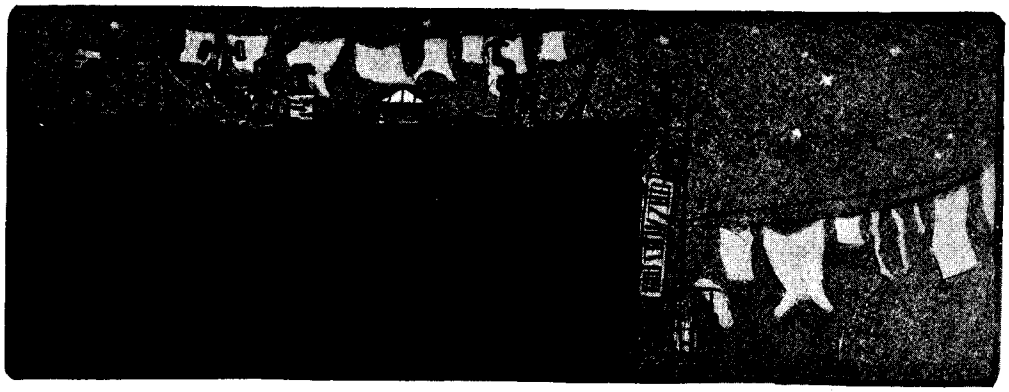

II

There was one gaunt window in the drab little room. The window was the exact size required by the tenement-house law. Once it had been smaller, and, to any one who understood, the crudely patched plaster and new bricks bore silent witness to some city inspector's recent activity. Through the window, which looked out on a blank whitewashed wall, came a little light, a great deal of noise, and the fetid odor of mews and stables. An elevated train, making the loop through Third Street, from West Broadway to Sixth Avenue, whined around the curve and burred into its stride with a rattle and clank that deepened to a deafening roar, then died with a subdued grumble and growl.

Ivan Groscheck, blacksmith, sat near the window, elbows on his knees, head buried between two great hairy paws. He had sat there most of the day, between not infrequent trips to the corner saloon. He was not weary. Indeed, he had not worked all day—nor had some ten thousand other striking machinists of the city worked that day, or ninety days before. Neither weary nor drunk. Merely a little sodden with beer and monotony. Around a deal table, piled high with half-finished garments, sat Ivan's wife and four children—three girls, ranging from seven years to twelve, and a little boy of five. Woman and girls busily plied their needles in the fast-fading light. Even little Ivan's baby fingers could help pull the basting-threads. Nor had he whimpered once during the long afternoon, sitting there with prematurely grave face and fingers pitifully deft. The woman's seared and yellow face might have been branded "tenement mother." Letters scarred by the branding-iron could not have said it more plainly. The girls were pale and nondescript. They would look like their mother at her age.

The shrill voices of two viragoes quarreling over their clothes-lines rose up the air-shafts. Not even an elevated thundering past could quench the torrent of abuse. Ivan lurched out of his chair.

"Norah, ain't we goin' to get nothin' to eat?" he asked, querulously.

Norah flung down the coat with buttonhole half finished, and laughed. There was a touch of hysteria in the laughter, could a man have known.

"Well, Ivan, it ain't no thanks to you if we are," and she rocked back and forth in her chair, still quivering with unwholesome silent mirth. The children did not even look up from their work.

The man swore softly under his breath and snatched up his hat. A look of fright and pity came into the woman's worn face, and she caught his arm.

"There, Ivan. It's sorry I am. I was tired. I'll be getting your supper, man. Set ye down."

Norah's gentler voice had just a touch of the soft Connemara brogue that not even thirty years of a harder land and harsher tongue had worn all away.

"No more, childer, now—the light's most gone entirely." She took the garments away from the little fingers, patting each tow-head, and cleared away the table. This necessitated piling the garments on the beds until the coarse cotton coverings, ragged but spotlessly neat and clean, were completely hidden. Cooking utensils, worn but shining, came from a cupboard above the spigot and tank that did double service as wash-basin and laundry-tub. The gas stove was a tiny portable affair attached to a long green cloth-covered rubber tube which leaked. Food

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came out of a pail set amid slowly running water in the tub. The poorest of the poor find substitutes for ice when prices soar in blazing August.

It was good to rest tired fingers and eyes, even by a change of labor, and Norah hummed a little tune as she lighted the tiny gas stove. Young Ivan was out on the fire-escape, trying to fly a tailless make-believe kite, shaped from a paper bag and a piece of string. He was not in the least discouraged that the bit of paper dropped languidly down the air-shaft in the lifeless air. The girls stood at the window, laughing as they watched him. Big Ivan smiled for the first time that day as he leaned over his son's shoulder, pulled in on the string, filled his great lungs, and with a mighty puff blew the kite whirling up from the window. Little Ivan screamed in delight, and hauled in the drooping kite to have the performance repeated.

"Ivan," Norah touched her husband's arm from behind, "Ivan, have you got a quarter?"

An elevated train was passing, and he did not understand. He withdrew his head from the window.

"What you say, Norah?"

"Have you got a quarter? The meter's run out."

Ivan stood sulkily waiting. He knew well enough what was coming.

"Ain't you got nothin' left, Ivan? I gave you fifty cents the morning."

"No, I ain't got nothin' left." He looked at her sullen, defiant.

Norah could not keep her tears back.

"Oh, Ivan, Ivan," she sobbed, "couldn't you leave the beer alone—when the money comes so hard? An' I can't get nothin' to-night—the shop's closed long ago. Black shame upon you for a beer-guzzling loafer!" Her voice, growing tense with anger, rose higher and shriller. "Too lazy to work, but ye can drink, can't ye? Ye can drink the money yer wife an' little childer sew their eyes blind ter earn. Yer Union won't let yer work, will it? Afraid some one'll call you a scab, is it? Yer can't work, can't yer? But yer can drink what yer wife an' childer earns from the sweatshop Jews—damn you!"

Ivan sprang at her, giving back curse for curse, and the children screamed as their parents wrestled and snarled over the floor.

"Comrade! comrade!" A volley of knocks rattled the door. "Ivan Groscheck, the comrades are marching to the meeting in the Square."

Ivan pushed Norah away from him, and she sank sobbing in a little wooden rocking-chair. The door was flung open, and a burly Italian, swart of cheek, with greasy, curly hair, beckoned impatiently in the dimly lighted hall. He either could not see or ignored Norah and the children in the dusk of the room.

"The police have said we shall not meet." The Italian chattered on: "It is forbid that Maywood shall speak. Make you haste, Comrade Groscheck!"

Many feet clattered down the hall stairs. There were vague, uneasy noises from every landing of the six-story, double-deck tenement.

The door slammed after the Italian and Ivan, who had seized a short, heavy sledge from where his long-idle tools leaned against the wall. All the tumult in the hallway became suddenly a vague murmur. But in Third Street there still were shouts and cries.

Norah sat long in the gray dusk, her head bowed, the children huddled at her knees. The dusk ended in night, but it brought no cooling breeze, only deeper, smothering blackness, hot, stifling. Little Ivan stopped crying, and his head sank in his mother's lap in the sleep of exhaustion. After a long time some one far away appeared to be setting off a pack of firecrackers. The odd sound broke the thread of Norah's misery. She wondered dully if the distant crackling really could be firecrackers, so long after the Fourth. She picked up Ivan gently, felt her way across the black room, and made a little nest amid the garments on the bed. Then she lighted a stump of candle and set on the table what she could of the supper, uncooked and cold.

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III

"Awfully sporting of you to take it that way." Wallingford's voice sounded very penitent as he flung open the studio door. Mrs. Delmont, a veritable Whistler "arrangement in lavender and pearls," floated serenely through the doorway, followed by Betty Allison in cool and simple white. Mr. Delmont, behind them, did not look quite so serene. He was still dusting the arm of his dinner coat; there was a stain on his otherwise immaculate white shirt front and a slight bruise on his forehead.

"I'm truly more sorry than I can say." Wallingford took the women's light summer wraps.

"Don't be foolish, Dick—we know you couldn't help it." Mrs. Delmont's eyes surveyed the studio with an appreciative glance. "What a beautiful room! Betty, aren't you thrilled? Riots, police firing on mobs, studio supper in Bohemia!"

"I can't get those faces out of my sight." Betty's voice was low and troubled. "They were like animals."

"Why, William, you're hurt!" Mrs. Delmont had caught a glimpse of her husband's forehead.

"It's nothing," he said shortly. "Got that when the stone came through the back glass of the motor." He rubbed his forehead reflectively. "That was a mighty ugly little row. Eh, Wallingford?"

"It was, sir," Wallingford agreed. "Would you want to wash up a bit? By George! that reminds me that I've never changed."

"Don't bother, Dick," began Mrs. Delmont, when the door opened, and there stood on the threshold a little old lady, quite birdlike in appearance, with head just a trifle to one side. Old maid was written all over her, from old-fashioned black silk gown to dainty white lace cap.

"Are any little angels in?" she inquired, cheerily. "I'm sure I must be up half the way to heaven."

"Suffering Pete!" exclaimed Wallingford. "Aunt Patricia! I clean forgot."

They shook hands all round, and Miss Vandervoort sank lightly into one of the wide-armed chairs. The chair synchronized, and the way she sat down told you just how gracefully she had seated herself in the days of hoopskirts.

"You must let me catch my breath," Miss Patricia said, and then chattered on quite oblivious of her intention. "So he 'clean forgot' that he had invited his Aunt Patricia to supper. I wonder, then, who was in his thoughts, when the bullets began to fly?"

Miss Patricia's eyes wandered with amused indulgence to Betty.

The door-bell jangled far below once, and then again.

"What's become of Emerson?" Wallingford muttered.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Richard, I sent your man back across the square with my maid. The poor girl was scared out of her wits."

"You shouldn't have walked over without a man." Dick started for the door. "Excuse me, it must be Jack and Miss Nevin. I'll let them in."

When Wallingford reappeared with Davis and Miss Nevin, Miss Patricia was still chattering on:

"Woman and girl, I've lived on the Square for close to seventy years, and no Italian mobs are going to drive me from the house where I was born."

Wallingford introduced Davis and Miss Nevin to the Delmonts and Betty Allison. Miss Patricia they knew already.

Emerson slipped unobtrusively into the room, and the soft candle light fell on his big silver tray with cocktail glasses still delicately frosted.

"Dick, I must run," said Davis as the opportunity came for an aside. "It's a peach of a story, and I've got the facts first hand."

"No, you don't." Wallingford's reply was decisive. "There's a telephone right over there." He raised his voice. "People, here's a real, live newspaper man with a story in his system—and he's afraid of 'intruding shop' if he telephones to his office."

"Oh, Betty, aren't you thrilled?" beamed Mrs. Delmont, amid a chorus of politely murmured aquiescence from the others. Davis glared at Wallingford, who grinned as he led his friend over to the telephone and patted him on the back.

"There, Johnny, growl into the telephone at the city editor. Come on, we won't wait. Let's begin, so he won't be embarrassed. Will you sit here, Mrs. Delmont?"

Wallingford maneuvered his guests skillfully into their places at the table, leaving Betty at his right, and under cover of the opening volley of small talk as Emerson passed the consommé gelée, Davis called for central.

"Central? Fulton 2200." Davis spoke low, his lips close to the mouthpiece.

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"That you, Jim? Give me the desk, please."

"Hullo, that you, Brayton? What you get on this Washington Square rumpus?"

"Only the police slip."

"Who've you sent up?"

"Want the story, then?"

"Hullo, who's this? Pierce?"

The conversation at the table had halted and all were listening intently to the disjointed half of the telephone colloquy.

"Ready?" Davis took a scrap of paper from his pocket and began speaking in the reporter's rapid-fire, elliptical phrases:

"I. W. W. mass meeting—scheduled Union Square 9 P.M.—Maywood to speak to striking machinists—Commissioner issued order 6 P.M. prohibiting meeting—Say, why didn't headquarters get that? Humph! 'Sleep at the switch—'Bout 6:50 big crowd at Thomson on south side Washington Square—increasing all the time—wops coming up from tenement district south—Maywood and three or four hundred I. W. W. strikers come up McDougal, swing into square and meet other gang—start to form line of march across Square, yelling and cheering—mounted police get on the job, ride into crowd—Policeman Sullivan, traffic squad, yanked from horse and beaten up—fractured skull, may die, Dr. Adams, ambulance, St. Vincent's—scrimmage all over asphalt and fountain in plaza—police beaten off—Maywood and other leaders form ranks again. Start march under Arch up Fifth—as they march begin singing Internationale—What? Internationale! Don't you know? Revolutionary song—I-N-T-E-R-N-A-T-I-O-N-A-L-E—Internationale! get it?—ask Mason. He's got a copy in his desk. Good feature stuff to use—

"Ready? March singing under Arch—Capt. O'Connor with about fifteen reserves from Mercer Street Station strung across Fifth Avenue—O'Connor reads riot act—volley stones, bricks, then revolver shots from strikers—Policeman Weishaupt—W-E-I-S-H-A-U-P-T—get it?—bullet left leg, not serious—Ellis, Traffic Squad, bullet through lung; may die—both Dr. Meyer, St. Vincent's—as men drop O'Connor shouts 'Fire'—police volley drops three strikers—Tony Di Santo—D-I-S-A-N-T-O—broken collar bone, not serious—Mike Padua—P-A-D-U-A—bullet near heart—will die—Giuseppe Tonelli—T-O-N-E-L-L-I—get that?—bullet through both cheeks, not serious—Di Santo and Padua, St. Vincent's; Tonelli, New York—don't know doctors—got those names straight?

"Mob breaks and runs—yells—women screaming—more police coming all the time—mounted men galloping up—groups of strikers scatter on the run—Adolph Schmidt and Leon Grazzone arrested, taken Mercer Street—charge inciting to riot and felonious assault—Maywood and Perrone make getaway—general alarm out for them—believed to be hiding tenement district south of Square

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—house-to-house search now on—Guess that's about all, old man.

"What? Maywood? Don't know official title, but he's big bug of I. W. W. Mason will know."

Davis hung up the receiver.

He wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and then saw for the first time that all at the table, supper forgotten, had been hanging on his every word.

"Oh, I say," he began, as he approached the table, "I'm sorry."

"Oh, Mr. Davis, we were so thrilled," bleated Mrs. Delmont.

"I feel as if I'd read my morning paper," laughed Wallingford.

Davis reddened with embarrassment.

"Was it really as bad as that?" Betty Allison looked anxiously acress the table at Davis. "Those men are going to die?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so," said Davis. "It's a nasty business. The strikers are getting ugly. They've been out three months now, and some of them are pretty close to starvation."

Betty shuddered.

"They looked it," she exclaimed.

"Why must we have these strikes and all this misery?" Miss Patricia looked appealingly at the men. "It was so different when I was a girl. One did not hear every day of hungry men and starving families. And strikes, always strikes!"

"Now you're in for it," Wallingford said with a smile that was a little forced. He did not like the somber tone the conversation was taking. "That's Jack's specialty—the unrest of the masses."

Davis shook his head.

"It is not a pleasant subject," he said briefly, and devoted his attention to catching up on the courses.

"But I should really like to hear what you think, Mr. Davis," said Betty, and her voice had the appeal of sincerity. "Your work brings you in such close touch with these things. You must see much that is hidden from us."

"The trouble lies at the door of politicians, demagogues, and agitators." Mr. Delmont came into action like a battery of heavy artillery. "The American workingman was never better off than he is to-day. Wages were never higher."

Davis stabbed with his fish fork a perfectly innocent piece of cold salmon.

"It is the old, old story," continued Mr. Delmont. "The more you give people the more they want. The workingman is not content to keep his family as he did in the old days. He wants his porcelain bath-tub and his porterhouse steak. Such old-fashioned virtues as thrift and economy are quite out of date. Add to this that for twenty-five years we have been allowing Europe to dump its riffraff on our shores, bringing their Black Hands and bombs, their Socialistic and Anarchistic vagaries. Well," he shrugged his shoulders, "can you wonder that the result is what we saw to-night? That is an excellent port, Wallingford."

Mr. Delmont lifted his glass with the air of one who has discussed his subject and settled it. Wallingford, who had been watching Davis's set face, laughed a little.

"Sic 'im, Jack."

Mr. Delmont looked politely bewildered. He took a cigar from the box Emerson offered.

"Mr. Davis differs with me, perhaps?" he asked.

"Yes, I think he does," laughed Wallingford. "Go ahead, Jack; you have the floor."

"Please, Mr. Davis," pleaded Betty.

"Of course I differ with Mr. Delmont," Davis said shortly. Then he steadied his voice into less earnest tones as he continued. "I take it, sir, that you believe the American workman was never better off; that the chief trouble with the American workers of to-day is extravagance?"

"I do."

"Can you tell me the average annual income of the American wage earner?"

"Well, really, I couldn't hazard a guess offhand."

"I can. Not a guess. United States Government statistics. It is approximately $480."

"Really?" Mr. Delmont's tone indicated what the figures meant to him.

"Do you know," Davis continued, "the lowest sum at which, according to reports of charitable organizations, a man can support, in this city, under decent, healthful conditions, a wife and three children?"

"No, I couldn't say." Mr. Delmont, with a tolerant smile, watched the smoke drift lazily up from his cigar.

"Approximately nine hundred and fifty dollars!" snapped Davis.

"Really?" said Mr. Delmont, without undue excitement.

Betty had been leaning slightly forward, her elbow on the table. "The difference," she said, "where does it come from?"

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"It doesn't come—all," said Davis, slowly. "Some of it comes from child labor, women in the factories, sweatshops in the tenements, little boys in coal-breakers, women and children in cotton mills."

"But why?" Miss Patricia put in hesitatingly, in a puzzled voice. "What has happened? It was not so twenty-five years ago."

"In the past twenty-five years we have become an industrial nation," said Davis, "and we are paying the penalty."

"In other words," suggested Mr. Delmont, with a touch of sarcasm, "you would have us happily revert to the nation of backwoodsmen and farmers of Jackson's day."

"I have not the slightest doubt," answered Davis, "that the United States of Jackson's day held a people whose average of happiness was measurably higher than ours. They were happily ignorant of tariff-fostered trusts, monopolies, child labor, hopeless poverty, tenement slums, strikes, armies of unemployed, class hatred, vast inherited fortunes maintaining social parasites on the industrial exploitation of the workers—"

"Woof!" Wallingford exclaimed, laughingly. "Are we as bad as all that, Jack?"

"Yes, as a class you are, and the odd thing is that individually you are for the most part the nicest, kindest-hearted men and women one would want to know. That's the dangerous part of it. You're sitting on the safety-valve, and you don't even know there's steam in the boiler underneath."

"But, Mr. Davis," Betty suggested, timidly, "what can we do about it?" She hesitated a little. "I suppose I am what you would call one of the parasites. I inherited a great deal of money when my father and mother died. I do not know much about money matters. There are stocks and bonds. A trust company looks after the estate, and the money is simply put to my credit in the banks. If I believed that it was all wrong—what could I do?"

Her voice was so earnest, her face so appealing, that Davis looked a little worried. He was still hesitating when Miss Patricia broke in:

"And I," she asked, "as you know, I own a great deal of property in the city, houses and buildings. My income is from rents, of course; but would you call that exploiting the working classes?"

"You have asked me two very difficult questions." Davis plunged ahead despite Wallingford's uneasy look. "In Miss Allison's case there is the difficulty of a form of absentee landlordism resulting from the unprecedented spread of corporate ownership. I mean ownership in the form of stocks and bonds. Perhaps Miss Allison would be willing to tell us what is her largest holding of any one security?"

"I think it is the coal company," said the girl, timidly; "that was my father's biggest company, and he left us a majority of the stock."

Davis was silent.

Mr. Delmont reached for another cigar. The oppressive heat of the night seemed to intensify the silence.

"Is there anything"—Betty looked from one to the other of the men. Then she turned quickly to Davis. "I would much rather know," she said.

"There has been a strike for some months at all the mines," he answered, quietly. "The management has been fighting it with strike-breakers. There has been shooting and dynamiting. A number of men have been killed."

"Oh!" Betty's sharp little gasp of pain made Wallingford look savagely at Davis. "And I never knew, sailing away for Europe to-morrow!"

"And I, Mr. Davis?" Miss Patricia's voice quavered a little.

"Do you own any tenement property, Miss Vandervoort?"

"I—I hardly know," Miss Patricia said, anxiously. "My agent takes care of everything. I hardly—yes, there is one house I know, my grandfather was born there, but it is a tenement now. I have not seen it in thirty years—No. 87 Falmouth Street."

Davis lit a cigarette.

"No, Dick, it is right that they should know," he answered Wallingford's unspoken word. "Miss Vandervoort, I do not know No. 87, but I do know the block it is in. That block is what they call a tenement sweatshop block—it has the highest infant mortality in the city. There are many low dives in that block, and police raids are not infrequent. If I owned any property in that block, I should go to see it. But do not go alone."

"Deuced unpleasant dinner guest," muttered Mr. Delmont to his cigar.

An uncomfortable silence settled over the little supper party which had started so merrily. The heat had closed in like a smothering blanket. Sluggish, stifling heat, such as

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is compressed by an approaching storm, until it rasps nerves like the noise of scratched glass. Lightning, long playing in the west, had come near enough to be apparent even in the brightly lighted room. The vague muttering of thunder began to reverberate in deeper tones.

"Aunt Patricia, don't you think of going down there in that beastly slum," snapped Wallingford.

"I shall go to-morrow," Miss Patricia announced, calmly.

"Jack, you ought to know better," said Wallingford, angrily.

"If you, who own tenements like that," said Davis, solemnly, "don't go to clean them up, some day they will come to you."

"Bally rot!" Delmont did not take the pains to make the words inaudible.

It came like an answer.

Klump!

Klump!

Klump!

"Look at the wall!" screamed Mrs. Delmont. Her finger fluttered at a great crack writhing across the plaster at the far end of the studio.

IV

The girls in the flickering candle-light had already begun to wash the cracked dishes, while Norah stood by the bedside, brooding over little Ivan. In his sleep his baby fists were clenched tight over his head, and Norah wondered anxiously if it were better to let him sleep hungry or to wake and feed him, with the chance that he might not be easily put to rest again.

A sharp tap at the door distracted her attention.

"Why, Patrick," she exclaimed as a man entered. "'Tis a glad sight for sore eyes."

"Indeed, and it's good it is to see you, Norah. Hullo, Patsy, girl, and Kate and little Norah."

"Uncle Patrick, Uncle Patrick, what ye got?" With one voice and one motion the children dived for his pockets.

"'Tis me welcome for me pockets, I'm afeared." He laughed as he helped the girls dig out sticky candy and a couple of oranges.

A fine figure of a man was Norah's brother, Patrick O'Connor—straight, square-shouldered, and tall, trig in his chauffeur's livery of Norfolk jacket and leather puttees. His hair was grizzled and his well-set shoulders had never taken their shape crouching over wheel and lever. They told of long years' service behind the reins before the motor conquest forced old dogs of coachmen to learn new tricks at cost of daily bread and butter.

"Why so gloomy, Norah?" he asked. "'Tis no better than a wake!"

"'Tis powerful hot, and—and the gas do smell so," answered Norah, evasively.

Something in her tone made Patrick look up sharply. He took a match from his pocket and tried the gas. Then he stumped angrily over to the meter, put in a quarter, and returned to light the jet. Norah stood silent, tears trickling down her cheeks.

"Drink or lost his job?" asked Patrick, shortly.

"'Tis not Ivan's fault, Pat, they're out on strike. The committee paid him two dollars a week at first."

"Strike be"—Patrick was investigating the cupboard. "I suppose that were them cutthroat bunch of dagoes we met in—here, Norah, I want a good hot cup of tea. Come now—'twill do you and the kiddies a pile o' good."

Norah prepared obediently to boil the water, though the stifling heat made the thought of anything warm repulsive. But it was good to be ordered about with kindly thought. The sound of many voices, calls, and cries again began to come from stairs and landings of the big tenement. Down on Third Street a police patrol wagon clattered past with jangling bell; but tenement dwellers learn to accept any variety of noise with equanimity, and neither Norah nor Patrick so much as wondered at the disturbance.

"Where's your master, the night, or is it the missus, Patrick?"

"They're eating at some queer artist's studio joint around the corner in the Square. The machine's ordered back at eleven, so I thought I'd jest leave the car at the garage and run over ter see yer. Norah! What's this here?"

He was pointing an accusing finger at the heap of garments on the bed.

"Them? Them's pants," she replied shortly. "How d'ye think we eats when Ivan's out o' work?"

"Ah, Norah, Norah, girl, couldn't ye have let yer own brother know? The dam' loafer! Out with them other furriners, I'll bet, in the shindy in the Square."

"What shindy, Patrick?" Norah asked, a little anxiously.

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"What shindy, girl? Did ye not hear the shootin' and the yellin'? There's a dozen police and dagoes hurt mortal bad. Four o' them will die sure, they do be sayin' at the garage."

Norah set down the teapot from which she had been pouring and strained her ears to catch the noises on the stairs.

"Faith an' we caught it, too." Patrick missed her anxiety as he chattered on. "Though we didn't get to the Square till the shootin' was over and the police was chasin' the wops away. Some dago heaved a brick through the back glass of the car, and the master was hit on the forehead—lump big as a hen's egg, it was."

"You said shootin', Patrick? Ivan went out along with one o' them I. W. W. Eyetalians he's always chinnin' with."

Hardly had she spoken when the door swung open with such violence that it crashed back against the wall.

"'Trust a bad egg ter come home ter roost," observed Patrick, sourly, as Ivan lurched into the room, head bandaged with dirty, blood-stained rag, coat hanging about him in tatters. He was still dragging behind him the great blacksmith's sledge he had snatched up an hour and more before. He hurled the sledge into a corner of the room and fell rather than sat in a chair—he had been drinking something stronger than beer this time. The crash of the falling sledge waked little Ivan, and the child began to whimper. Norah picked him up with little soothing mother words. Patrick stood looking contemptuously down at Ivan.

"Well, you're a pretty-lookin' mess, you are," he said.

"Aw, go chase yourself, Pat," Ivan grunted. He heaved himself out of the chair and walked unsteadily over to the stove, where Norah was preparing gruel for little Ivan.

"Slop!" he muttered. Norah paid no attention to him. He took a dry crust of bread and a plate of beans, sat down at the table and began to eat ravenously, ignoring the others. The little girls in patient silence had taken up their sewing again. Norah began to feed little Ivan, hot and grimy after his sleep, still crying fretfully and trying to push away the food. Patrick filled his pipe slowly. For a long time no one spoke.

"Ivan," said Patrick at last, in a voice he strove to make amiable, "I know there ain't no use a-rowin' with yer. Maybe I spoke shorter than I ought jest now."

Ivan pushed his plate across the table and took up a dingy stub of pipe. He began to search his pockets for tobacco.

"Here y' are." Patrick's leather pouch fell on the table.

"Thanks." Ivan's voice seemed to grudge the word.

"Look ye, Ivan," Patrick continued. "Ain't yer ashamed ter call yerself a man an' see yer wife doin' that?"

Ivan's dull eyes followed Patrick's finger toward the heap of garments on the bed.

"Ain't goin' ter be no scab," he said, thickly; "yer might jest as well shut yer face. Ain't goin' to work with no scabs. Not me!"

"I don't give a whoop-in-blazes where yer works, Ivan"—Patrick tried hard to keep his temper—"but it's up ter you, if you're a man, to support yer wife and childer."

Norah had given up trying to feed little Ivan, who was whining himself to sleep again, and she came to join the girls with her sewing at the table.

"What does he care, Pat?" she said, bitterly, as she bent over her needle. "Give up a good job, he did—ten dollars a week steady—jest because some long-haired wop comes aroun' tellin' 'em how the bosses was robbin' 'em an' that if they'd strike they'd all have a million a minute.

"Internashynul Wor-rkers of the Wor-rld!" she mimicked. "We pays yer while yer strikes. Jest walk out an' take it easy at our expense till the bosses give in. They paid yer fine, didn't they, Ivan? Two dollars a week fer two weeks. Thin a measly one dollar fer two weeks more. Thin' jest nothin' fer two long months. An' I starts takin' in pants jest to help out while Ivan looks around fer another job. Well, me an' the childer is still sewin' our eyes blind while he looks fer that job—in the corner saloon! Oh, no! He can't find no job, but his foreman sends a post-card only Friday last sayin' he could have his old job any day—"

"Ain't goin' ter be no scab." Ivan's sullen refrain interrupted Norah's tirade.

"I don't know much about unions and the like, Ivan." Patrick found himself sorely tried in his rôle of peacemaker. "I've worked in the same family thirty years, an' they always treated me square. But I do know this." He banged his fist down on the table. "No union walkin' delegate could

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keep me livin' three months on what me wife and childer earned !"

" Ain't goin' ter be no scab," Ivan repeated monotonously.

Patrick lost all patience.

" Dam' yer fer a lazy, good-fer-nothin' furrin' loafer !" he exclaimed.

" Our friend Ivan has the idea, but not the vocabulary. Let me explain."

The voice, with just a hint of satirical mirth, came from the darkness where the window opened on the fire-escape.

Norah gave a startled cry, and Patrick bounded from his chair. Ivan looked up in stupid wonder as a pair of slim legs slid over the window-sill into the light of the room, and there stood before them a youngish man, tall and slender, his lank black hair and long, hollow face belying the whimsical smile on his lips. The same burly Italian who earlier in the evening had called for Ivan blundered through the window after the stranger.

As Ivan struggled to his feet, the Italian grasped his arm with a whispered warning:

" No names, comrade."

" What's up, Ivan ?" Patrick looked dourly at the intruders. " If they're friends o' yours, I'll tell 'em plain, the more I sees the less I likes their looks."

" Spoken plainly enough, friend Patrick," laughed the slim young man, dropping easily into a chair.

" My name is Mister O'Conner, and I'll thank ye ter use the handle," said Patrick, gruffly.

" I beg your pardon—Mr. O'Connor, of course ;" and the young stranger turned to Norah with a cheery smile, " and I must apologize also to the good wife. We did not mean to startle you, but I assure you we could not choose our way of coming."

He laughed a little, and, taking the sewing from the youngest girl's hands, drew the child gently to his knee. She came with the perfect trust that children and dogs give to some men, even as strangers at first sight.

" No work for little eyes and fingers, dear," he said.

Patrick's distrust was not so easily disarmed, but Norah's eyes softened. The young stranger paid no heed to the Italian who stood near the door beckoning uneasily to him to come.

" I asked you to let me explain, friend Patrick—Mr. O'Connor," the stranger continued. " I'll admit that comrade Ivan phrased his idea badly. ' He wasn't goin' to be no scab,' he said. Patrick O'Connor, do you know what he was trying to say ? He was trying to say that he is fighting to end this—and all that lies behind it !"

The stranger flung across the room the garment he had taken from the child at his knee.

" Let me explain to you, Patrick O'Connor, what Ivan and the dumb millions like him mean when they say ' I ain't goin' to be no scab.' "

" I'll thank ye ter explain why ye came through that window like burglars," snapped Patrick. He was sorely puzzled, and had an uneasy notion that the young stranger was laughing at him. The burly Italian Patrick could understand. " Some wop friend of Ivan's," was his thought ; but this slim, dark young man, speaking the clean-cut English Patrick's employers used, vehement and earnest, but with a whimsical smile on his lips—Patrick could not make him out at all.

" Listen to me, Mr. O'Connor," continued the stranger, quietly, " and then I'll tell you why I prowl the roofs like a tenement cat.

" Would you like to know what tenement cats may see on the roof-tops to-night ? Dumb creatures may see without understanding, but it is not good that men should see and not understand. Let me tell you what I saw on the roof-tops to-night, in a parable, as a far greater teacher than I spoke long ago."

The mirth had left the stranger's lips. His eyes burned out of deep black hollows. There was a tone of command in his words that awed even Patrick into silence as the low, modulated voice followed on :

" I wandered over the roof-tops at night and I saw amid the shadows a golden shaft of light. When I looked down whence the light came, I saw beneath me happy men and women seated about a table feasting. There were bright lights and flowers and laughter, and the men and women ate and drank lightheartedly, giving no thought to the morrow. Their hands were soft and clean, as are hands unused to toil, and their raiment was delicate and fine. The bright stars shone bravely over their heads, and they feasted. But far down on the horizon lightning glimmered and distant thunder was muttering."

Ivan, his dull face rapt, hunched his chair a little nearer to the speaker. Norah crossed

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herself as the stranger's voice, dispassionate as fate, flowed on:

"Again I wandered over the roof-tops, and I descended into a pit of darkness and foul odors, and I saw through a window in a pale light sorrowful men and women, quarreling in misery, and little unhappy children toiling through the night. I saw dry crusts of bread, but no flowers nor any gracious thing. And I heard no laughter. I saw backs bent and hands hardened by toil and raiment ragged and worn. And over all the same stars shone bravely down. But far on the horizon lightning glimmered and distant thunder was muttering.

"Comrades!" he cried, springing to his feet, "the house of golden light lies just beyond that wall. And you go hungry while they feast. The way was open once. Beneath that plaster the archway of the door shows plainly still. Comrades, do you not know that any day we who have built our prison wall can tear it down again!"

His voice, rising till it was almost a scream, broke into a sob as he flung out his arms. Norah shrank back from him with her arms about the girls. Ivan crouched in his corner muttering to himself. The Italian's hand slipped to his hip pocket as Patrick shook his fist in the young stranger's face.

"I know ye," cried Patrick, "and I know the police wants the pair o' ye, Mister Maywood, ye black anarchist!"

The door slammed behind him and they heard him thumping down the stairs. Ivan mumbled in the corner, his fingers twitching about the handle of his great sledge.

The Italian seized Maywood, still quivering with burnt-out emotion, by the arm.

"He is gone for the police, comrade Maywood," he chattered. "Make you haste! He is gone for the police."

The Italian fairly dragged Maywood out of the window to the fire-escape, where the darkness swallowed them up.

In the uproar little Ivan again awakened with a whimper that broke into one long cry.

"Muvver, I'se hungry! Muvver, I'se so hungry!" he wailed.

Big Ivan answered with a howl of rage that sent Norah flying into a corner with the children clinging to her skirts.

The man went berserk.

He tore the tattered shirt from his great hairy chest. He spat on his hands. He seized up the heavy sledge-hammer and sprang snarling at the blank whitewashed wall.

Crash!

Crash!

Crash!

The sledge whirled about his head like an evil halo amid a rain of plaster, splinters, chips, and dust. Muffled cries came from beyond the wall.

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V

Spouting dust, the wall sagged out for a fraction of a second and came crashing down in an avalanche of bricks. With the wreckage Ivan was catapulted half-way across the floor of the studio, stumbling to his knees, staggering to his feet, sledge still swinging aloft.

"Good God!" yelled Emerson, diving for the door.

Men and women alike started back from the dining table crying aloud their terror.

Half-naked, flecked with blood and sweat, eyes squinting and blinded with dust, Ivan charged this way and that, howling like a beast. He fell over the model throne, and smashed it into kindling under savage blows of his sledge.

He blundered nearer. They huddled before his coming like sheep. Wallingford, first to realize that the madman could not see, whispered hoarsely:

"Get the women to the door!"

Ivan heard the slight movement. He lurched snarling across the floor.

Crash!

His sledge bit into the polished mahogany table top, and amid a deluge of china, silver, and glass it collapsed in fragments. Back and yet farther back they crouched. He had them cornered by the windows.

Mrs. Delmont strangled an agonized cry.

"Ivan Groscheck, drop that sledge!"

The voice came from the skylight above their heads, and again, unfaltering, clear, the command was repeated in a strange tongue.

Ivan gave a great sob. His sledge clattered down. He shuddered and cringed like a man coming out of a trance, and the muttered words on his lips were the words of a Polish peasant.

Maywood's lithe form hung over the skylight opening for a second, and he dropped noiselessly to the floor.

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"We don't fight with women, Ivan," he said gently. "Go home."

Ivan shambled in dazed obedience toward the broken wall, and Maywood turned to the men and women still huddled in the corner by the windows.

"Come you," he said quietly, "come see what Ivan and his family call home."

There was calm authority in his voice, and they followed him meekly through the wall.

"Look," commanded Maywood.

They looked long in silence. None of them save Davis had ever seen a room like that. It was Betty Allison who first broke the silence. With a little cry of pity, straight from the heart, she went to Norah.

"I'm so sorry," she said, simply, and her arm went about the sobbing woman's shoulder.

"For you know his grace," Maywood's voice as he quoted was deep and low, "that though he was rich yet for your sakes he became poor, that you through his poverty might become rich."

Hurried steps clattered on the tenement stair. Maywood made a quick move toward the window, then paused with a whimsical smile.

Two policemen hurled open the door, and over their shoulders Patrick O'Connor pointed to Maywood, shouting:

"That's him!"

"*Ecce Homo*," laughed Maywood. "Emphatically, if ungrammatically, friend Patrick, it's him."

He held out his wrists for the handcuffs as one who makes an old familiar gesture.

"Saints above!" cried Patrick as he caught sight of the fallen wall, his master, mistress, and the others.

There was a babble of voices as the police questioned first one and then another. Before many words were spoken, Ivan, dazed and sullen, was also in handcuffs. Amid the confusion of voices Maywood stood waiting patiently.

"Well, officers, let's be moving," he suggested, amiably. "The sooner we're on our way, the sooner the good wife will be left in peace."

He smiled approvingly at Betty and Miss Patricia, who sat comforting Nora and her children. Then his glance passed to the others still huddled together by the broken wall.

"You have seen something to-night," said Maywood, slowly. "I wonder have you understood? You will go back to your people who have not seen, who do not understand. What will you tell them?"

A gush of cool air came through the narrow window; a few scattering raindrops pattered over the roof-tops outside. Vague mutterings of distant thunder told that the storm was passing clear of the parched city. Somewhere to the south, amid the swarming tenements, voices sang defiantly, and like a signal the song was answered by the clatter of mounted men galloping over the cobbled street.

The two policemen stirred uneasily, and one of them gripped Maywood none too gently by the arm.

"Do you know what they are singing?" cried Maywood. "Do you know the Internationale? Do you know what it means when men of a dozen nationalities sing that song?—sing it in many tongues but with one heart and one voice?

"Go back to your people and tell them what you have seen and heard. Go back and tell them that *this* lies always just beyond the wall. Go back and tell them that the foundations tremble and the wall is tottering before the thunder of voices that sing:

"'Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
Arise, ye wretched of the earth!'"

"Aw, stow yer lip!" grunted a policeman, shoving Maywood to the door. Ivan, snarling and scuffling, was dragged out after him. Those who remained in the wrecked room stood silent, bewildered, staring at each other. A sudden yell of hate and execration rang out from the street below:

"Take 'em away! Take 'em away! Kill the cops!"

"Yah-h-h!"

Once more the swift *rat-ta-tat-tat* of night-sticks was answered by galloping hoofs.

When Wallingford returned little Ivan's head nestled sleepily against Miss Patricia's shoulder.

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"I've told the Delmonts you would stay with Aunt Patricia to-night," Wallingford whispered to Betty.

Betty nodded her head and came to him. Her hand crept into his as they stood side by side looking about the desolate little room.

"Dick," she said at last, "you asked me to answer a question to-night—before I sailed. I am not sailing to-morrow. I'm going down to the coal mines to-morrow. Will you come to help me?"

"We'll help each other, Betty;" he took both her hands in his. "I've seen something too, dear, to-night."

She smiled happily up at him.

"Come, Norah," she said, "we're going home with Miss Patricia to-night."

LOVE IN LONELINESS

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

As I let in the rosy dawn
I heard her laughter calling,
And in the garden as I went
Her words like petals falling.

All up and down the mountain-side
I heard her footsteps flying,
And wind-blown through the shadowy groves
Her murmur and her sighing.

Among the snowy peaks at noon
I heard her trumpet ring;
And faintly through the falling day,
Faintly I heard her sing.

Beside the deep blue lake at dusk,
Beside the murmurous shore,
I heard her knock upon my heart
And enter in the door.

She brought bright flowers from oversea
(The roses seemed her kin),
And flung the cobwebbed shutters wide
And let the white stars in.

She swept the floor and swept the hearth
(O airy steps like foam!),
And set the chairs and tables right
As one who is at home.

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BY THE WAY

"It is possible to buy to-day," says "Yachting," "for the price of a high-powered automobile, a cruiser of from forty to forty-five feet in length that will give a man more service, more comfort, more fun (presuming that he likes the water), and a wide range of action at less operating cost." But at present the lure of fast travel on land seems to have decidedly the advantage, so far as popularity goes, over the lure of the sea.

A book about advertising estimates the value of the trade-mark "Uneeda" at more than a million dollars a letter, or over six million dollars in all.

In the year 1913 the steamships of twenty-six lines brought to the port of New York 1,332,200 passengers. Of these 148,956 were in the first cabin, 230,410 in the second cabin, and 952,834 came in the steerage. The International Marine Company's fleet brought in more of these travelers than the boats of any other line, namely, 210,064; the North German Lloyd brought 175,693, and the Hamburg-American 162,937.

The French Academy of Sports has awarded four medals to signalize the most remarkable sporting events of 1913. Two go to aviators—M. des Moulinais, who flew from Paris to St. Petersburg, and Alphonse Pégoud, who first "looped the loop" in a flying-machine; Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman is recognized for her mountaineering exploits; and Georges Carpentier gets a medal for his pugilistic triumph over an English champion.

The Knights of Columbus of the United States have given $500,000 to the Catholic University at Washington. The money will be used for the establishment of fifty lay scholarships at the University.

A recent rug sale in New York City realized $192,502, thus ranking second to the great Yerkes sale in 1910, which took in $285,000 in one afternoon. At the Yerkes sale a single rug brought $35,000; at the recent sale the highest price paid for a rug—a Ghiordez weave of the sixteenth century—was $21,000; other prices for single rugs were $17,000, $14,000, and $13,600—the last being bought by Senator Clark, who has one of the greatest collections of rugs in the world, none of them being valued at less than $10,000.

John Ritty, who is said to have originated the idea of the cash register, recently died in Dayton, Ohio. The invention was due, newspaper report asserts, to Mr. Ritty's seeing the distance-recording device in the boiler-room of an ocean liner.

Australia has a big theatrical syndicate. It controls twenty-six theaters, owns thirty thousand costumes, and has several of England's finest scenic artists on its pay-rolls. It has a cosmopolitan directorate—Hugh J. Ward, an American; George Tallis, an Irishman; and Clyde Meynell, an Englishman.

A real Pharos has been set up in New York City. It is a great flaming torch on the top of the new sky-scraper of the Consolidated Gas Company. By day a flag-pole, at night the banner is changed to an intermittent beacon light which can be seen for many miles around.

The railways are now setting examples of politeness to the community. A "campaign of politeness" on the Southern Pacific includes little placards attached to the telephone stands in the offices of the company. These "reminders" convey the following advice: "When you answer the telephone, be pleasant. It costs you nothing and in your heart you want to be liked. As you take off the receiver, say, 'Southern Pacific,' and then give your name or department. It saves time. Said pleasantly, it is a good advertisement for yourself and the company. Thank the man who helps you or gives you information—he likes it. Remember, on the telephone, the voice is everything. See that it is friendly."

The dock-laborers of the city of Genoa are reported to have purchased recently one of Meunier's masterpieces, described and illustrated in The Outlook of January 3. The city of Antwerp had already purchased his "Dock-Laborer," and his "Puddler" is in the Museum of Brussels.

Seven hundred and fifty tons of earth are being shipped every month from California to Pennsylvania. The reason for transferring this Western soil to the East is that near Lompoc, California, there is a mountain composed of myriads of minute sea shells, and this infusorial earth is valuable for insulating purposes in the electrical industry.

"Mrs. Lloyd got on a car at Eighty-eighth Street and Columbus Avenue. She saw something gleaming, picked it up and put it in her hand-bag." It was a $15,000 necklace. The recurrence of such items in the newspapers makes one feel that New York is the only city in the world where women lose and find such things. Are owners of priceless ornaments who live in other places more careful of their treasures?

Chicago has a new "down and out" hotel, erected by Charles G. Dawes, ex-Comptroller of the Currency, at a cost of $100,000, in memory of his drowned son. The hotel offers a bath and a night's lodging for five cents. A long line of unemployed men waited the formal opening of the hotel a few nights ago.

A locomotive engineer says that too much disciplining on the railways doesn't prevent accidents, and recommends the action of his own considerate superintendent. "When a young man I broke a pair of draw-heads on a

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coach; the superintendent at first recommended three days' suspension as a penalty. I told him that would not do me any good. He admitted I had a good record; I asked him not to spoil it. He withdrew the suspension; hoped he would not see me again for at least a year. He has not seen me on the carpet since, and that is twelve years ago."

The fear of "the chair" (*i.e.*, the electric chair in which culprits are executed in Sing Sing Prison) has thrown such a spell over ignorant immigrants that in a murder trial recently in New York City a witness refused to take the witness chair, imagining that he was to be electrocuted! An armless chair was finally found which the terrified Italian consented to use.

M. Jacques Schneider, a French aviator, says that it is difficult for him to choose between ballooning and aeroplaning as sports. "Both," he says, "offer very substantial sport of a new form, unlike anything else, and I recommend those who are looking for delightful, lasting sensations to undertake either or both." But, unfortunately, the mortality of aviators makes one question whether the sensations are likely to be "lasting."

Miss Cora Van Norden, daughter of the well-known New York banker, the late Warner Van Norden, was for several years a Salvation Army worker in Boston. An elder sister was also engaged in Salvation Army work, and a brother was for a time a missionary in China.

The exploitation of Negroes by landlords is thus illustrated by the Chicago "Tribune:" "On the outskirts of the south side 'black belt' stands a flat building in which, until recently, white tenants paid $12 a month for a six-room apartment and $17 a month for a seven-room apartment. It is now filled with colored people who pay $16 a month for the smaller flats and $20 for the larger. The building was in such poor repair that it was almost impossible to get white tenants any longer. Not a cent was spent to improve it before the Negroes moved in."

The Colorado State Penitentiary at Canyon City is to have a stadium for use by the prisoners in playing games. There will be a grand stand for spectators, who will of course consist largely of the convicts. This is believed by Warden Tynan of the penitentiary to be the first building to the kind to be authorized by any State in the Union.

Melbourne, Australia, has 325 miles of suburban railways. These roads are to be electrified, and the contract for the apparatus, which is said to be the largest single order ever placed for railway motor equipment, was secured by an American company.

The American College Club of Peking, which is composed of graduates of American colleges, recently gave a warm welcome, in a largely attended reception, to the new American Minister to China, Dr. Paul S. Reinsch. Dr. Reinsch, who was formerly Professor of Political Science in the University of Wisconsin, is proving that "the scholar in politics" can win friends among foreign peoples quite as well as can the professional politician who too frequently in the past has represented America abroad.

A new eleven-story building designed for printers in New York City is to have windows which do not open, the ventilation being provided by machinery. "Humidity," says the announcement of the owners, "is the enemy of register, and, with bad heat conditions, the principal cause of static electricity." Electricity causes sheets of printing paper to adhere together, hence poor work and small profits. The closed windows and mechanical ventilation are planned to obviate these conditions.

English and American humor seem to be approximating; the vivacious "Harvard Lampoon" and the dignified London "Times" joke along similar lines. *Lampoon:* First Old Fellow: "Hello, old chap, how are you?" Second O. F.: "First class; how are you?" F. O. F.: "Steerage." *Times:* An old Irish countrywoman, going to Dublin by train, stepped into a first-class carriage. The conductor passed along, and said gruffly, "Are you first-class, my good woman?" "Indade I am, and thank you," she replied with a smile; "and how do you feel yourself?"

While horse cars are still an accepted mode of conveyance in New York City, the cable announces that a service of auto buses will be introduced to connect Spain with the British Empire. The British territory thus connected with Spain is of course that comprised in the fortress of Gibraltar. The auto buses will ply on a new road that runs between Gibraltar and the Spanish town of La Linear.

The "Linotype Bulletin" records the interesting fact that a blind girl has become a linotype operator. She is Miss Catherine L. Grady, is a student in the Columbia Polytechnic Institute for the Blind, at Washington, D. C., and after only three hours' experience on the machine she set up an article for the Institute's magazine, "Voices from Darkland."

The old-fashioned compositor who set type by hand thought he was doing well when he set "a thousand ems an hour" of solid matter; an extremely rapid worker might set two thousand ems. The "Linotype Bulletin" prints the record of an operator who set 14,000 ems in one hour on the linotype; of another who set 13,287 ems an hour for eight consecutive hours; and of another who averaged 10,000 ems an hour for a full week. The old record for hand composition was held by a New York compositor; the linotype records are held by Chicago and Salt Lake City operators.

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